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SECOND BOOK

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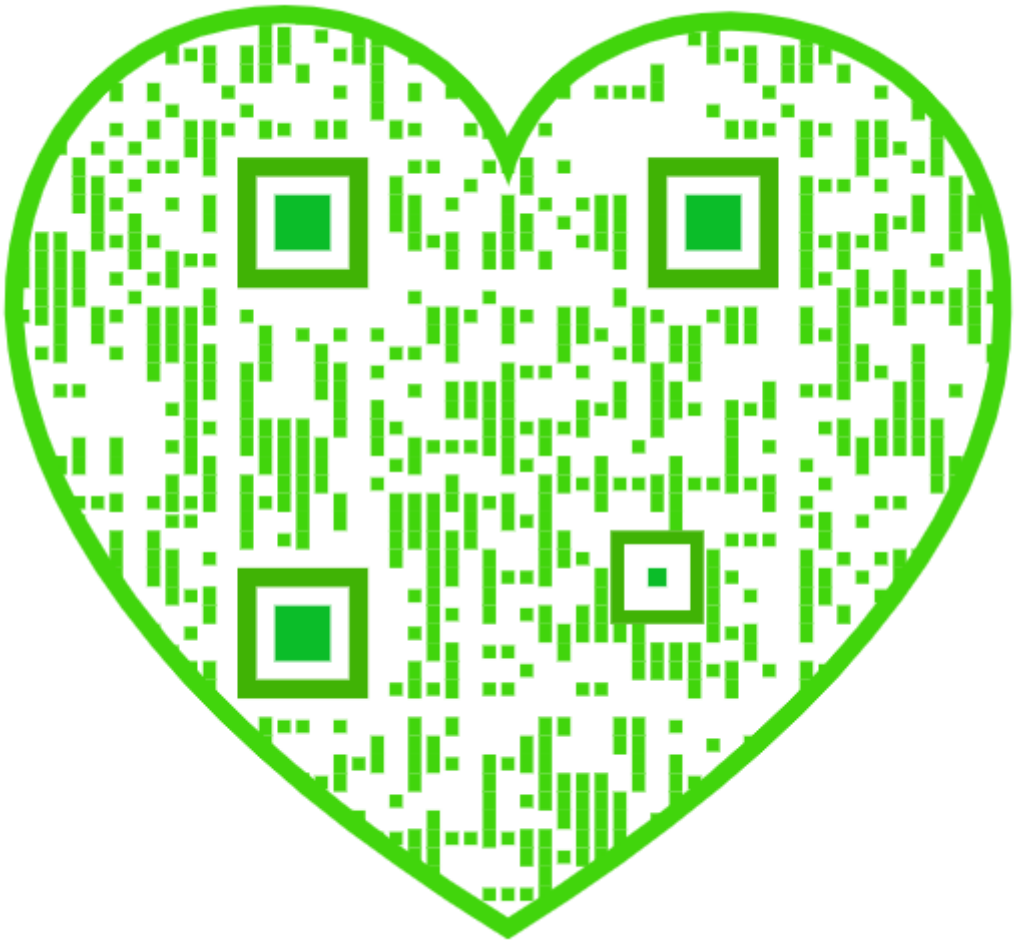

PRIMARY READERS

SECOND BOOK

The Co.

PRIMARY READERS

CONTAINING A COMPLETE COURSE
IN PHONICS

SECOND BOOK

BY

KATHARINE E. SLOAN

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THIS is not a separate book; it is simply a continuation of the First Book. The plan of the whole and the general directions for teaching the same will be found in the Preface and Suggestions to Teachers contained in the First Book. Therefore that matter should be carefully read before taking up this book.

All lessons which have received no special directions for teaching require none. The new sounds which such lessons are designed to teach have no rules. They must simply be learned by repetition. Ample opportunity for this is furnished in these lessons and in numerous reviews.

Attention is now called to the effect the letter *r* has upon any vowel which precedes it. This effect of *r* should be strongly impressed upon the child's attention. Write a very large *R* upon the blackboard, and say, "Here is a letter we must always remember when we are trying to sound a word." The following story has been found a great help: —

Have the children sound *r*, and call attention to the rough, growling sound it makes. Say that you think this sound must frighten all the little vowels; because, when they are alone in a word and *r* follows right next

to them, they do not mind the rule. When *e* comes at the end of a word they nearly all mind the rule again, except *a*. Be careful to show that when *r* comes before the vowel it does not alter the sound. For this purpose, if the teacher thinks best, she may continue the story, saying that the little vowels are not afraid when *r* comes before them, because then they can run away if they like.

It is well to remember that too much or too frequent story-telling of this kind is not advisable, because the children are apt to pay more attention to the story than to the point it was intended to emphasize. However, indulged in occasionally it carries the point, brightens the lesson, and makes the little ones happy.

Now write upon the blackboard these words: *fern, first, curl, car, corn, care, fair*, or any similar word.

From previous lessons, the children will expect the vowels in the first four words to be short, since there is nothing to make them long. Also, in the words *care* and *fair* they will expect the *a* to be long, since there is an *e* at the end of one word and two vowels together in the other.

Pronounce all these words, showing that none of them has the expected sound, because the *r* has changed them all.

Now group together those words containing *er*, *ir*, and *ur*, showing that the *r* in each word has caused all three of these vowels to have the same sound. Drill upon these before taking up the others.

The *or* may be taken next. This, in a number of words when preceded by *w*, sounds like *ẽr*, *ĩr*, and *ûr*;

but in most other words, which have not the final *e*, it sounds ô.

Next comes *ar*. This the children seem always to remember when told that if *a* and *r* come together, and there is no other vowel in the word, the *a* tells *r*'s name.

When the children are quite familiar with this step, introduce words containing *ar* with final *e*; then *ai-r*. Drill alternately upon these three effects of *r*, showing that the last two give the sound â. (See list of words arranged for this drill, p. 56.)

* **Page 32.** — Before giving this lesson, read what is said in these suggestions about the letter *r*. Also select from the list on page 172 words already familiar to the children, and give a short drill upon them according to the directions to teachers in reference to suffixes.

* **Page 34.** — The child may now be told that *ea* sometimes has the sound of ĕ. Allow him to find out such words by sounding them both ways.

* **Page 38.** — Since the *a* is silent between the *e* and *r* it does not change the sound.

* **Pages 40, 45, 51.** — What is said in regard to the letter *r* applies to each and all of these lessons; therefore refer to "Suggestions" before presenting each of these lessons.

* **Page 73.** — Show the child that this word is composed of *make* and *ing*. A short drill upon this class of words will now be advisable. Write upon the blackboard a list of words ending in *e* to which *ing* can be added. Allow the child to erase the *e*, then add the *ing*. Since he has

learned the general effect of two vowels, he will readily understand why the *e* is dropped.

* **Page 84.** — This lesson introduces the suffix *ed*, having the sound of *t*. Before presenting it see note on suffixes in "Suggestions."

* **Pages 90–100.** — *C* is soft before *e*, *i*, or *y*. In other positions it is hard (*c* = *k*). In a great many words *g* also has its soft sound (*ġ* = *j*) before *e* or *i* or *y*.

* **Page 106.** — Here give a short drill upon words in which the termination *ie* = *ȳ*.

* **Pages 164 and 168.** — When the children come to words of more than one syllable, the following is very helpful to know: —

A vowel followed by a double consonant is short.

In many words the first vowel is also short when followed by two different consonants, and long when but one consonant intervenes between the two vowels.

This last does not hold good in all cases, but in enough to be a very useful guide to the children.

* **Pages 171 and 172.** — The following drill upon prefixes and suffixes has also been found very helpful: —

Write a list of words upon the blackboard, to each and all of which the same prefix or suffix can be added. We will suppose it to be a suffix.

Tack a card on the end of a pointer, and with it cover the suffix. Have the children tell the word; then remove the card, and have them repeat the word with the suffix added. Be sure that the suffix is well known before attempting to add it to the word.

After these drills, when the children come to a long word, they will of their own accord cover part of it, sounding the uncovered part first, then the other, and so on. It is astonishing to note how much help this seems to afford them in discovering long words; and also, with a little careful guidance, how quickly they gain some knowledge of syllabication.

Lists of words, containing some of the simpler suffixes, have been prepared for the guidance of the teacher, and will be found at the end of this book. The teacher will supplement these and also add lists containing prefixes.

Attention is drawn to the fact that these lists have been selected so as to review as many rules as possible. Sometimes in one word alone three or four different points are reviewed.

The teacher will now find difficulty in keeping the children supplied with enough supplementary reading matter. The greater the amount and variety the more rapid will be their progress.

The independent power to read acquired by the children results in a continual eagerness for something new, which affords opportunity for much individual work; therefore it is not necessary to have sets of books for supplementary reading. One would better have twenty different books than twenty copies of one book.

Among the multitude of good books now published for children the teacher will have no difficulty in selecting suitable ones for supplementary reading.

Acknowledgments: — The selections, "A Riddle," "The Leaves," "Flower Verses," "Baby Wave," "Dolly's Wash Day," and "Little Snowflakes," are used by permission of the publisher of *Little Folks;* "The Ferry to Shadow-town," by permission of the author, Miss Lilian Dynevor Rice; "South fly the Birdlings," by permission of The Kindergarten Magazine Company.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ă	*as in*	can	ŏ	*as in*	not	a̤	al	*as in* all
ā	"	cane	ō	"	note		aw	" saw
a̤	"	all	ô	"	for		au	" Paul
a̱	"	wash	õ	"	work			
ȧ	"	ask	ȯ	"	done		är	" car
ä	"	car	o̱	"	move	â	ar and e	" care
â	"	care					air	" hair
			ŭ	*as in*	cut			
ĕ	*as in*	fed	ū	"	cute		er	e
ē	"	feed	û	"	burn	ẽ	ir ç i	ġ i
ẽ	"	her	u̱	"	put		ur	y y
ê	"	there	ü̱	"	true			
e̱	"	they					e	*as in* cut
			sh	*as in*	ship		ç	" cent
ĭ	*as in*	hid	ch	"	chin			
ī	"	hide	wh	"	whip		ḡ	*as in* go
ĩ	"	bird	th	"	this		ġ	" gem
			th	"	thin			
o͝o	*as in*	book	nk	"	ink		ew	*as in* grew
o͞o	"	moon	ng	"	song		ew	" few
oy	"	boy					ew = o͝o	
oi	"	oil	ei and ey = ā				ew = ū	

PRIMARY READERS

SECOND BOOK

ch

New sound words

chicks catch
chips snatch
chase scratch
choke ditch
teach lunch

New sight words

watch
one

Blanch

"Look, Blanch! See that little chick catch a fly! Now, watch that one, trying to snatch it away.

"How funny little chicks are! I like to watch them. There is one pecking at some chips.

"You queer little chicks! You can not eat chips. They will choke you.

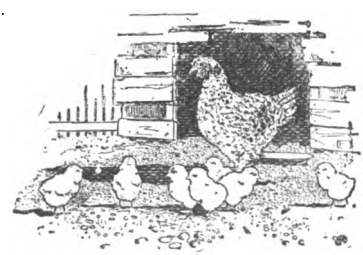
"Wait, little chicks! I will give you some grain. Faith has some in her little pail. You shall have some for your lunch.

"There is your big brown dog, Blanch. Do not let him come near the little chicks. They are afraid of him. There! They are all running away. Look! One poor little chick is down in the ditch. I will catch him.

"Here, chick, chick! You need not be afraid of Rex. He is a kind old dog. He will not chase you. He will watch your home at night.

"Now run to your mamma, little chick! There she is on that patch of grass. She has found a big fat worm for your lunch.

"She will show you how to get your own lunch some day. She will teach you to scratch, scratch, scratch, as she does."



A RIDDLE

(With a game in it)

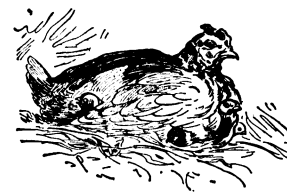
There's a queer little house
That stands in the sun,
When the good mother calls
The children all run;
While under her roof
It is cozy and warm
Though the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after
So happy and gay;
But it comes back at night,
And the children are fed
And tucked up to sleep
In their warm, cozy bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows nor doors;

The roof has no chimneys,
The rooms have no floors;
No fireplaces, chimneys,
No stoves can you see,
Yet the children are cozy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Little house is quite true;
I have seen it myself,
And I'm sure you have, too.
You can see it to-day
If you'll watch the old hen
While her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.



nk

New sound words		*New sight words*
bank	pink	think
Frank	wink	thank
drank	sink	
drink	clink	

Frank has a queer little bank. It is made to look like a man. The man has on a bright red coat.

When Frank puts a penny in the bank, the man winks. Frank says the wink means, "Thank you."

Blanch and her doll have come to see the bank. The doll has such pretty pink cheeks.

Blanch has named her "Miss Pink."

"How is Miss Pink to-day, Blanch?" said Frank.

"She is quite well, thank you. I think she will like a drink."

"She may drink from my pretty pink cup. You will find it on the sink. The cup is as pink as dolly's cheeks."

"Miss Pink did want a drink," said Blanch. "Just see how much she drank!

"Now, Frank, please show me your bank. Miss Pink will like to see it, too. She has a penny in her pocket. She will give it to you. You may put it in your bank."

"Oh, thank you!" said Frank. "Here is my bank. When I put in one penny, the man will give one wink. Now mind you watch him!"

Clink goes the penny! Wink goes the man!

The penny peeped out from a wee little chink,
And this it said with a queer, knowing wink:
"Did you ever hear, little maid, little man,
That little round pennies into big dollars ran?
Just pop us into your bank, and we'll show
How quickly to big round dollars we'll grow."

ng

New sound words

song	sang	sing
long	rang	ring
strong	bang	string
sprang	clang	cling

New sight words

ever
never

Frank has a pretty pink kite.

It has a strong string on it.

The string is very, very long.

I think Frank made the kite himself.

It can fly very high.

Sometimes it goes nearly out of sight.

It has a very long tail.

Blanch made the tail for Frank.

She tied it on with a pink bow.

"Did you ever hear a kite sing?"

"Ever hear a kite sing? No, I never did!"

"Frank says his kite sang a song one day."

"I think it must have been a queer song!"

"This is the song it sang.

Frank tied a bell on the tail.

When the kite went up, the bell rang.

Oh, how it did ring!

It went, 'Cling clang! Cling clang!'

Then it came off.

"Frank sprang to catch the bell, but did not reach it.

"It fell to the ground with a bang, and that was the end of the song."

wh

New sound words			*New sight word*
why	which	where	whir
white	when	what	
while	wheat	whiz	
whip	wheel		

"Where are you going, pretty stream? Why do you run so fast?" said Frank. "I will run with you, to see which way you go."

So Frank ran along the bank of the stream. He saw some leaves floating down the stream.

"You pretty leaves! You look like little boats. I hope you will not sink," said Frank.

He met some cows going to drink at the stream. Then he saw a little twig floating along.

"I will get that twig," said Frank. "It will be fun to chase it! What a fine whip it will make!"

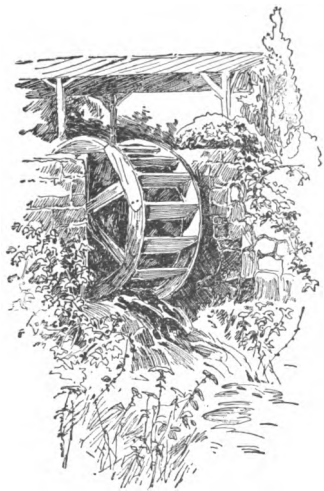
In a little while the stream came to a mill-wheel. Oh, such a big wheel! Round and

round it went! It made the stream white as snow.

It sang a loud song. "Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Whir! Whir! Whir!" This is what the song says:

"I help to grind the wheat! When the wheat is ground, it will be flour; pretty, white flour!"

Whizzing and whirring, the big wheel goes! Frank tries to catch the chaff as it goes flying past.



The mill wheels are going
around and around,
Clip clap, clap clip, clip
clap!
And glad is the miller to
hear this odd sound,
Clip clap, clap clip, clip
clap.

"Ha, ha!" he is laughing
and singing with glee,
As round the fans flip flap!
"My good mill is grinding right well now, I see.
Keep on, my brave clip clap!"

The whispered sound of th

New sound words				*New sight words*
thin	three	south		tooth
thick	think	mouth		north
throw	things	teeth		new
thrown	bath	cloth	Ethel	Mr.

Here is dear little Baby Blanch. She has a new tooth to-day. Now she has three little white teeth.

When Ethel says, "Open your mouth, baby! Show Ethel the new tooth!" Baby Blanch says, "Goo! Goo!"

Baby likes her bath. She thinks dolly likes a bath, too. She has thrown dolly into the bath tub. Dolly's pretty pink dress is wet.

Ethel says, "Why, Blanch! what will dolly do now?"

"Goo! Goo!" says Baby Blanch.

Blanch throws down her playthings for Ethel to pick up. But Ethel does not mind. She is so kind to the dear baby. She is going to take Blanch out, now.

"Baby's white coat is too thin, Ethel," says mamma. "Put on her thick cloth coat. It is quite cold to-day. Look! The birds are flying south! Mr. North Wind must be near."

"I see one little bird on the path, mamma. Fly away south, little bird! Do not let Mr. North Wind catch you!"

Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Fly away, dear!
Cold winter is coming,
I feel he is near.

Fly south, little birdie!
Don't tarry here long.
Old North Wind will catch you,
I hear his shrill song.

Review of both sounds of th

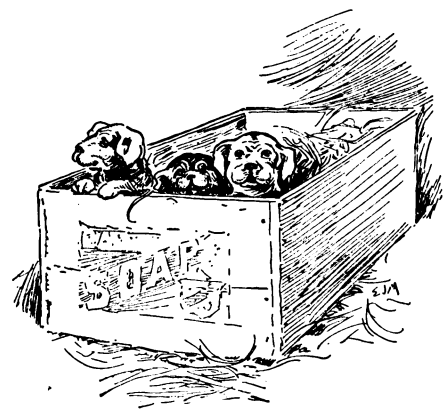
New sight words

puppies every Ruth

"What do you think I have in this box, Ethel?"

"That is more than I can tell, Ruth."

"Then peep in and see."



"Three little brown and white puppies! Oh, Ruth, what cute little things! Where did you get them?"

"Frank sent them to me. Did you ever have a puppy, Ethel?"

"No, Ruth, I never did."

"Then I will give this one to you."

"Oh, thank you, Ruth! What a dear little thing he is! Just watch him cling to me! I will give him a bath every day."

"You need not bathe him every day, Ethel. Puppies do not like to bathe so much."

Dear cousin Frank:—

Thank you very much for the puppies. They are so cute! I have named one Beth, and the other Seth

I gave one of the puppies to Ethel Smith. She is so happy with it!

When the puppies came, Rex did not seem to like them He went round the box, sniff, sniff, sniffing.

Beth was afraid of Rex, but Seth was not. He began to play with Rex. Rex gave such a funny look, as if to say, "You are a bold little fellow!"

Now Rex and the puppies are quite happy together.

Your loving cousin,

Ruth.

General review

quilt	told	whine
quaint	gold	whale
chat	vase	shine
chain	vine	shears
couch	cure	these
ink	mule	those
link	frame	thump
ring	shore	throat
bring	close	south
rang	tied	mouth
sprang	cried	crying
clown	bowl	sandy
faint	than	grain
whale	feast	least
black	scrap	cramp
spell	went	melt
drill	mink	hitch
shod	prop	frock
snake	lucky	chum
sleepy	daisy	spray
such	coax	scold

"Quid is the name of Neal's tame quail.

It is a queer name to give a quail.

The duck said, 'Quack, quack!' to Quid.

Now Quid sees a bee.

Run, quick! little Quid. The bee may sting you.

If Quid keeps quite still, the bee will not sting him."

"Is that a queen bee?"

"No, you never see a queen bee alone.

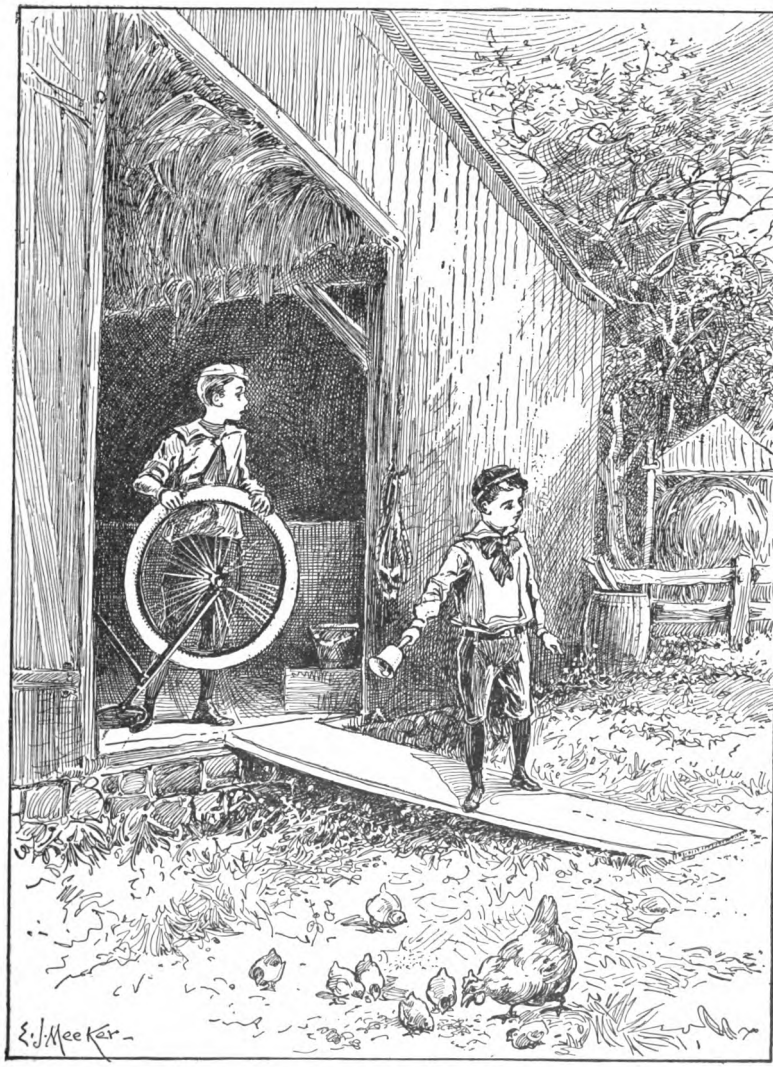
Quid's wing is not quite well yet.

Quid must keep quiet.

Come, Quid, I will make a bed for you.

This old quilt will make a soft bed.

Now keep quiet a little while, and your wing will get quite well."



PLAYING STEAMBOAT

Review of ng and wh

hang	long	ring	wheat	when	why
rang	gong	hung	wheel	where	what
sprang	strong	gangway	whale	which	white

Harry and Frank are playing steamboat.

They say it is a strong boat, and they are going to load it with wheat.

They have a long plank and Frank's wheel.

Harry says to Frank, "When I ring the bell, you must say, 'Gangway! Gangway!'"

"Which is to be the gangway, Harry?"

"Why, this long plank. Where did I hang the rope?"

"You hung it by the wheel. Now, off we go!"

Harry says, "Cling clang! Cling clang!" This means that he has rung the bell.

When the bell rang, Frank said, "Gangway! Gangway!" Then Harry sprang to the wheel.

What fun they are having! Frank said, "Let us play the white hen is a whale!"

"Oh, Frank! What a funny whale!"

Swinging in the garden,
On a summer day.
Don't you think that this is
Very pleasant play?

Rising high and higher,
Down again so low.
Swiftly now, — then slower,
Back and forth we go.

Bowling hoop is pleasant,
Nursing dolly, too;
Best of all is swinging.
So I think. Don't you?

*er[1]

New sound words				*New sight words*
her	ferns	better		Bertha
herd	stern	river		were
Bert	jerk	gather	under	
berth	sister	higher	flowers	

Bert is going to take Bertha for a row. Ethel and Ruth are going, too. They are all going to gather ferns.

"May little sister go with us, too, Bert?"

[1] The asterisks refer to "Suggestions to Teachers."

"Little sister might go to sleep, Ethel. There is no berth on this boat."

"What is a berth?"

"A berth is a bed on a ship."

"Sister will not go to sleep. Will you, sister?"

"Well, every one step into the boat," said Bert. "You sit in the stern, Bertha."

"Which is the stern, Bert?"

"The end where you steer is the stern."

"Then I think Ethel had better sit there, Bert. I can not steer."

"Very well! Now, all get in.

"Do not jerk the rope, Ethel! Hold it quite still. Now off we go!

"We shall find the best ferns higher up the river. I saw some fine ones yesterday. They were growing under a big tree on the bank of the river. We will go there," said Bert.

They saw such pretty sights as they went along. A flock of birds was flying south. A herd of cows was feeding upon the sweet grass. Pretty flowers were growing all along the river. The children had a bright, happy day!

ĭr

New sound words				*New sight words*
sir	girl	dirt		party
stir	bird	skirt		*head
fir	birch	whirl		
first	chirp	twirl	thirsty	

Here is a pretty birch tree. A little bird is sitting upon the tree. He is looking at the leaves upon the ground. "Poor things! They can not fly," said he. "They must lie there in the dirt! They can not be very happy. I will sing to them. Perhaps it will make them feel better."

So the kind little bird sang his sweetest song to the leaves.

Just then a little leaf by his side began to flutter.

"Chirp, chirp!" said the bird, with a jerk of

his pert little head. "What is the matter, little birch leaf?"

"I want to go down to my sisters, sir! They are going to have a party. Here comes Miss Maple, in her bright red skirt! And there is Miss Oak, in her pretty yellow dress."

With a twist and a twirl, off came the little leaf. Whirl, whirl, whirl, she went, down to the ground.

Then the leaves upon the ground began to stir. First one leaf began to whirl. Then they all began whirling and flying about. Past the fir tree, down to the river, they went.

A little girl saw them, and said: "The leaves must be thirsty! They are all flying down to the river! They make me think of our song: 'Whirling and twirling, the little leaves went.'"

THE LEAVES

"Leaves of crimson and gold and brown,
Fluttering, fluttering, fluttering down;
Playing your games of hide and seek,
Over the pavement and through the street.

"Tell me, oh tell me, if you know,
Why you keep whirling and whirling so;
Has the dear mother who held you so long
Sent you to dance while the wind sings a song?

"Who gave you those dresses so lovely and bright?
Did they come from Jack Frost who steps softly at night?
Or is there a paint boy belongs to each tree,
And the leaves choose the color they like best to be?"

"The bright dresses we wear are a token, you see,
Of the love that is shown by the kind mother-tree;
She is changing our colors from day to day,
And blesses each leaf as it flutters away;

"Saying the last should be best in all that we do,
And she hopes her leaf children will ever be true;
Help cover the seeds in Mother Earth's breast,
So they'll wake in the Spring from a long Winter's rest."—DOFFY.

New sound words

bur	turn
fur	burn
purr	burnt
curl	hurt

"Poor little kitty! Did you burn your fur?"

"Purr, purr!" said kitty.

"Turn round, kitty, and let me see. Why, it is a big bur! How it pricks! It must hurt you, little kitty."

But still the kitty says, "Purr, purr!"

She must mean to say, "No, little girl, my fur is not burnt, and the bur does not hurt. My fur is so thick I do not feel the bur."

Now watch the kitty curl up and go to sleep.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London,
To see the Queen.

Review of ẽr, ĩr, ûr

* heard

Out under the birch tree, what fun you will see!
The churn is there waiting for Bertha and me.

We girls at the churning will each take our turn,
And make you some butter so yellow and firm.

First, stir the cream well; then the dasher we'll
turn.
How it whirls, and it twirls the rich cream in
the churn!

Work steady the dasher — now high and now low,
We like to make butter. We make it just so.

Old bossy looks on, from her bed of soft ferns.
She gave the rich cream which the swift dasher turns.

Ah! kitty! You're here, in your coat of gray fur!
Singing your soft little song, "Purr, purr!"

Just roll yourself up like a chestnut bur,
On the soft, green turf, and do not stir!

No use watching that pert little bird, Kitty Gray!
He's a wise little bird, so I've heard folks say.

From his perch in the fir tree, so safe and so strong,
He ends his "Chirp, chirp" with a burst of gay song.

Out under the birch tree, all this you will see,
Till our firm pats of butter we serve up for tea.

* ðr

New sound words

word
work
world
worm
worse
worst
worth

Did you ever hear of the work that little worms do?

They work, work, work, and make the ground so soft!

One day a little worm got tired of work. He said to an old worm: "I am tired of working. I want to go out and see the world."

"That is the worst thing a worm can do. You had better stay here," said the old worm.

But the little worm did not think so. So one day he crept away without saying a word.

Out into the big world he went. First, he met a bird. "Oh, what a pretty thing!" he said. "Is not that worth seeing?"

A little green toad saw the worm watching the bird, and said: "You had better go away, little worm! That pretty bird will catch you. Look! He is watching you. You had better not stay there."

"I will curl up under these ferns and hide," said the little worm.

Just then a little girl began to gather the ferns.

"Oh dear, dear!" said the little worm. "This is worse and worse! I think I will go back. The old worm is right. Everywhere, out in the world, I find something to hurt me."

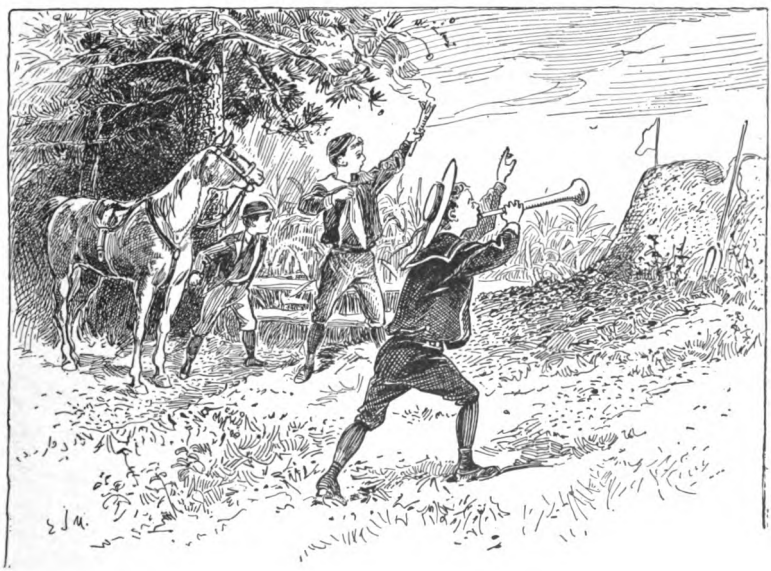
Review list for drill

ẽr . . . her
ĩr . . . bird
ûr . . . burn

her	sir	bur	*õr*
fern	stir	fur	work
stern	fir	purr	word
term	first	blur	worm
Bert	firm	turn	worse
pert	girl	churn	worst
herd	twirl	burn	worth
jerk	whirl	burnt	world
perch	bird	hurt	worthy
were	third	burst	worship
herb	thirst	curl	*ear*
berth	dirt	furl	Pearl
nerve	shirt	surf	Earl
serve	skirt	turf	early
verse	birch	church	earth
sister	chirp	purse	learn
cracker	squirm	curve	heard

ôr

New sound words				*New sight words*
or for	form	torch		fōrt
fork	storm	scorch		boys
horn	cord	horse		
corn	Lord	short	morning	



What fun those boys are having! Bert has a tin horn, and Lyle has a torch.

They made that play fort this morning. They are going to play "Storm the Fort."

Bert is shouting to the boys back of the fort. In a little while they will rush out and try to get the flag.

Here comes Frank Lord on his horse.

Frank is going to be captain. His horse does not seem to like the fort.

"Tie your horse to that birch tree, Frank," said Bert.

"I will tie him to this little fir tree, Bert. My rope is too short to go around the birch tree.

"Whoa, sir! Turn this way! That tree will not hurt you!"

"He sees that green corn growing behind our fort, Frank. He wants it."

"No, sir, you can not have that corn! Here are some ferns for you.

"O boys! what a fine fort! Let us light the torch, now! We can stick the pitch-fork into the ground and tie the torch to it. Here is a strong cord.

"Look out, or you will scorch your cap, Bert! Hurrah! That is a fine blaze!

"Now form in line, and storm the fort!"

* är

New sound words

arm	dark	bark	Carl	stars	march
farm	hark	far	cart	barn	scarf
harm	Mark	car	part	yard	orchard

I am Rover. I live on a farm. Mark and Carl are my little masters. I stay in the barn-yard most of the time. At night I watch the

house. I see that no harm comes to my little masters.

I do not like the dark nights. I like to see the stars. Hark! I hear Carl. Perhaps he wants me to go out with him.

There is a park not far from here. Sometimes Mark and Carl take me there. We go part of the way in a cart, and part of the way in the steam car.

I will bark to see if they want me. "Bow-wow-wow!"

Well, well! What are my little masters doing? They keep march, march, marching! Mark has a scarf tied round his arm. Carl is blowing a tin horn. Are they playing horse?

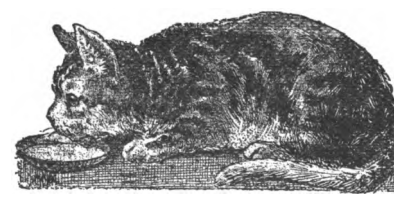
They do not seem to want me this morning. Mark told me I need not try to coax him to play. Carl did not say a word.

I will go and find Bertha. I saw a girl in a red skirt just turn the corner. Perhaps it is Bertha! The churn is out in the orchard. I think she is going to make butter to-day. I will go and see. "Bow-wow-wow," good-by!

âr-e

New sound words				*New sight words*
bare	fare	scare		know
care	spare	stare		don't
dare	share	flare	square	

"Kitty, kitty, do not go so near the fire! You may scorch your pretty fur coat. See the flames flare up! Oh! Did that one scare you? You do not know what to make of such a bright light, do you?



"Come to me. I will share my cake with you. You do not care for cake? Perhaps you are thirsty. Look! Bertha has put a bowl of milk in the corner for you. I dare say you will care for that.

"Does 'Purr, purr' mean thank you?

"Oh, ho! Miss Kitty! You do care for cake! You are eating more than your share. Come, kitty! I can not spare it all! See! Rover wants some.

"Do not stare at Rover, kitty. Don't you know it is not polite? What is the matter? Don't you like Rover? He will not hurt you. He just wants to share your cake. Don't you, Rover?"

Rover gave a sharp little bark. This was his way of saying, "Yes, Blanch." But oh! how it did scare kitty. She ran off and hid in the corner.

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty! How silly you are," said Blanch. "You need not arch your back and fluff out your tail at Rover. He will not harm you. Come here, Kitty."

But Kitty would not come. She went farther back into the corner. So Blanch sent Rover out into the yard.

"Come, kitty, now we will play," said Blanch. "We will play this square box is a car. I will get in first. Now, Miss Kitty, you know you must pay your car fare. Don't forget it.

"Oh! Oh! Don't scratch my bare feet! I told you to wait until I got in. You are greedy this morning. You had more than your share of the cake. Now you want more than your share of the box."

Review of är and âr-e

"Here, Rover! Will you be my horse this morning? I will not let you work hard. Mark has a real cart. But we do not care, do we, Rover? This square box will do for our cart. I will tie this strong cord on it.

"Let me put this scarf round your neck first. You need not stare at it so. It will not harm you. Turn this way, Rover.

"Now, sir, don't you dare to bark! A horse does not bark, you know."

But Rover did not care to play horse. He ran away and hid in the barn. Carl ran after him.

"Does my funny cart scare you, Rover? It is just a square box. It will not harm you.

"Come to me, I have an apple. I will pare it and give you part. Here is your share. Now bark for it.

"You need not pat my arm for more. I can not spare all my apple.

"Look, Rover! The boys have lighted a torch in the yard. Let us go there.

"What are you doing, boys?" said Carl.

"We are going to light a bonfire and play we are camping," said Mark. "This torch is our lamp. It has tar on it. See how it flares!"

Rover is afraid of the torch. He gets as far from it as he can.

"May I belong to your camping party, Mark?"

"Yes, Carl, you may. We are just going to start the fire. Bring the torch here, Clair. Take care you do not burn yourself.

"Now the fire is blazing! Look out, Carl! Mind the sparks do not burn you."

* âir

New sound words

air
fair
hair
pair
chair
stair
Clair

New sight words

shoe
who

What is this I see on the stair?
It's little Jane's doll, with golden hair,
And one of little Jane's shoes, I declare!
Who will tell where to find the pair?

Where is this little girl, so fair,
Who owns the doll I found on the stair?
Perhaps she is playing, in the fresh air —
Out in the yard, with Rover and Clair.

Playing out, on a day so fair,
Is fun for Rover, and Jane, and Clair,
But little dolly looks lonesome there.
I think she, too, might like some fresh air!

Why! — Who is this, asleep in my chair?
With five little toes, all pink and bare,
And only one shoe, — which makes the pair,
With the little shoe I found on the stair.

The little sleeper, in the chair,
With rosy cheeks and curly hair,
Is my little Jane, I do declare!
Tired with playing on the stair.

Review of är, âr-e, âir

Here is a fine old farm. These little folks, Ruth, Daisy, Mark, Carl, and little Clair, are here for the summer.

Hark! The larks are singing out in the orchard. The soft turf is like a carpet.

The girls have a little square table and some chairs under the big apple tree. Bertha is going to pare some apples for supper. They all play out in the fresh air until nearly dark.

The boys like to play in the big barn. They have a workshop upstairs. One corner is like a hardware store.

Carl found a pair of wheels and a big square box. He and Mark are going to make a little cart.

Mark thinks the duck pond is the best part of

the fun. With a fair wind, he likes to sail his boat, "The Fairy Queen," in the pond.

Little Clair's part of the fun is to wade in after "The Fairy Queen." That is Clair with the curly hair and little bare feet.

Hark! Do you hear Rover barking? The farmer made a scarecrow to keep the crows from the corn. Rover does not know what to make of it. He barks and barks, but does not dare to go near it.

Good-by, little folks! Have a happy summer.

"Little lads, little maids, whither away?"
"Out in the meadow to rake up the hay,
Out in the barnyard the chickens to feed,
Out in the orchard for apples we need,
Home in the evening the cows we will drive,
We're grandfather's helpers, we children five."

My dear Papa: —

We are having such a happy time at the farm. The boys help grandpa in the barn-yard. I help grandma to churn the butter. Grandma calls me her little dairy maid.

It is such fun to gather apples in the orchard. Grandma makes us apple tarts with them.

Rover likes apple tarts. He sits by my chair at supper time. When he sees my tart, he pats my arm. This means, "Please share your tart with me."

The boys made a little cart. They take the butter and eggs to market in it.

Good-by, papa dear,

Your loving little girl,

Ethel.

Review list for drill

tart	bare	air
dart	care	fair
chart	dare	hair
harm	fare	pair
charm	pare	stair
sharp	rare	chair
shark	glare	Clair
lark	flare	airy
yarn	stare	fairy
hard	snare	hairy
harsh	share	fairer
marsh	spare	airing
starch	scare	pairing
party	square	stairway

Carl's little bare feet went pit-a-pat up the stairs.

Mark had rare fun with his pair of ponies.

Clair does not care to go so far.

Can you spare the chair for our party?

My doll has dark eyes and fair hair.

The goblins dare not harm the fairy.

al

New sound words

all	fall	tall	walk	salt
ball	wall	stall	stalk	halt
call	small	talk	chalk	

Mark and Carl are having a game of ball. Little Clair wants to play, too.

"No, Clair," says Carl, "you are too small to play. You can not run fast. You might fall. Hark! I hear Ethel calling you. Run and talk to her."

"I will play ball with you, Clair," says kind little Ethel.

"Walk over to the wall. Stand by the chalk mark Carl made to show how tall you were.

"Do not throw the ball so high, Clair. When I call 'Halt!' you must stop.

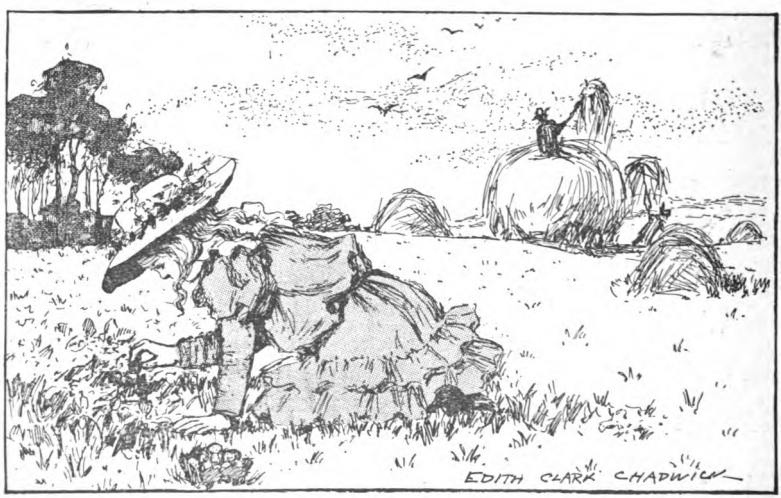
"See Rover watch the ball fly back and forth. His share of the fun is to bark.

"Take care, Rover, the ball may hurt you! Come behind this square box. Play you are my horse, and this is your stall. Now, sir, lie still. Be a good horse, and I will give you some salt."

"Bow-wow-wow!" said Rover, and off he ran. Little Clair ran after him.

"Well, well!" said Ethel. "That is not fair. They have left me all alone.

"Here is a daisy with such a long stalk! I will gather some more, and make a daisy chain."



aw

New sound words

saw	claw	straw	crawl	jackdaw
paw	lawn	draw	shawl	awning
caw	fawn	drawn	hawk	

We will visit our little folks at the farm this morning. They found all sorts of pets there. The girls have a pet fawn. The boys have a pet jackdaw. Mark is trying to teach the jackdaw to talk, but all he will say is, "Caw, caw!"

The fawn does not seem to like the jackdaw. When the jackdaw comes out on the lawn, the fawn runs away.

Ethel's pets are a pair of small, yellow goslings. She says to them: "Mind you keep near your mamma to-day, my little goslings! I saw a hawk in the old oak tree this morning. A hawk is not kind to little goslings!"

Ruth's pet is the kitty. Ruth says: "Come, my kitty; I am going for a walk. The fresh air will do you good. Let me put this little shawl round you, and play you are my baby. Take care,

kitty! Your sharp little claws hurt me. You do not like the shawl? I dare say you will like to play ball!"

Carl and Daisy think Rover makes the best pet. They harness him to the little cart. Rover likes to draw it.

Carl and Clair are playing hide and seek in the barn just now. "Crawl under this straw, Rover," says Clair. "Hark! Carl is calling us!"

"I spy you, Rover!" says Carl. "I see your paw! You are under the straw, in the horse's stall!"

It is Clair's turn to hide now. Watch him creep under that old awning in the corner! He has drawn the awning close around him! I am afraid Carl and Rover will have hard work finding him!

General review

preach	bright	raw
jerk	share	grind
staying	bold	pair
firm	hall	fall
hound	stair	might
work	tower	hurt
flown	fern	whoa
card	thorn	queer
cloth	strike	worm
torch	yawn	stare
blind	sprout	child
churn	first	yard
jar	arm	car-pet
fawn	scald	salt
freeze	match	swam
prism	shelf	chest
quit	globe	whisk
flock	block	brush
stung	trunk	fold
fork	low	clown
blue	chalk	proud

au and ough

New sound words				*New sight words*
Paul	caught	August	ought	very
Saul	taught	Autumn	bought	saucy
haul	naughty	auburn	brought	
Maud	fault	daughter	thought	
Claude	because			

"In August we will all go to the seashore," said mamma. So, every day, little Maud came to ask, "When will it be August?"

"Very soon now, little daughter," said mamma.

Paul and Claude, too, found it hard to wait for August to come. But August came at last, and brought the day for our little folks to start.

It is not very far to the beach. In a little while they caught the first sight of the big blue sea.

Paul and Claude hurry off to find old Saul the fisherman. Little Maud is soon running along the beach, her sunny auburn hair flying in the wind, while the saucy little waves chase her bare feet.

Rex comes after her, barking with all his might. He thought she ought not to go so near the big sea. He caught her shawl in his teeth, and she fell over his big paws.

Swish! came a big wave, and caught them both!

"Oh, you naughty, naughty Rex!" said Maud. "I am all wet, and it is your fault!"

"Never mind, little daughter!" said mamma. "Rex is not naughty. He is a kind old dog, because he tried to take care of you."

Paul and Claude have found old Saul hauling in his nets. Last fall he taught the boys to swim and dive. They have long talks with him about the sea.

Mamma bought the boys a fish net. They have brought it to show to old Saul. Claude caught a little crab in it, but he let it crawl back into the sea.

The boys take long walks. They bring home all sorts of starfish and sea urchins. Maud gathers shells and sea-weed along the beach. She fills her little pail with them. They are all sorry when Autumn comes, and they must leave the dear old sea.

BABY WAVE

Down by the sea where the great waves roar,
I saw a baby wavelet running to the shore.

"Where did you come from, dear little wave?"
"I ran away from Mother, for I'm big and brave."

Down by the shore where the breeze blows free,
I saw a baby wave running back to sea.

"Where are you going, dear little wave?"
"I'm going home to Mother, going to behave."

— Alice D. Pratt.

My dear Papa:—

We have a very pretty house at the beach. We can look out upon the sea from every window. We see the ships go sailing by.

We play on the beach every day. We make sand forts, and watch the waves sweep them away. We catch crabs and dig for clams.

I like best of all to wade in the sea. Rex and I play tag with the waves. We run away from the waves. Then the waves run away from us.

Please come to see us soon, papa. We miss you so much.

Your loving daughter,

Maud.

Review sentences combining a͟l, a͟w, a͟u, ô͟ugh, and w-͟r

Call your pet fawn here, little daughter.
I have brought some salt for him.

Paul saw a small bug on a stalk.
He saw it crawl up till it got on the wall.
Then he caught it on a straw.

Claude is playing ball on the lawn.
Rover thought he ought to play ball, too.
Claude taught Rover to put out his paw and stop the ball.

Kitty caught her sharp little claws in Maud's shawl.
"Naughty kitty! You have torn my shawl," said Maud.
"Purr, purr," said kitty, trying to talk.

It is a warm day in August.
Maud and her mamma are out for a walk.
Mamma bought Maud a new shawl.

There has been war in the beehive!
The new queen thought the hive too small.
The bees all swarm out into the warm sunshine.

Review list for drill

war		warn
wart	ą al . . . ball	swarm
warp	ą aw . . . paw	warm
Ward	ą au . . . Maud	warmth

call	saw	Paul
ball	paw	Saul
hall	raw	Maud
fall	caw	Claude
wall	claw	haul
tall	straw	because
stall	squaw	gauze
small	draw	fault
squall	drawn	caught
talk	lawn	taught
walk	sawn	daughter
stalk	yawn	naughty
chalk	fawn	ought
halt	dawn	bought
salt	shawl	brought
bald	crawl	fought
scald	hawk	thought

IN THE SPRINGTIME

Tripping lightly through the wood,
I met a maiden fair,
Talking to the little birds
Flying through the air.

"Do you think, my little maid,
That birdies understand?
Do you think you'll catch that one
So very near your hand?"

"Catch it? No," said little May;
"I would not, if I could.
Hark! Her mate is calling her,
Away back in the wood."

Then paused, with hand uplifted,
This little maiden fair,
Till a burst of happy song
Filled the morning air.

Song of birds at early morn,
Flowers all wet with dew,
Sunshine spreading over all, —
Who knows this joy? Do you?

General review

New sight word

mother

Neal is a little lame boy. He is called "The Flower Boy." Some call him "The Little Lame

Gardener." Why? Because he sells flowers. And because he cares for the flowers himself. They grow in Neal's own garden. I will tell you about this garden.

Neal has no big, strong papa to work for him. His papa died long ago. There are just Neal and

his mother. They are very poor. Neal wanted so much to help his dear mother. But what could a little lame boy do?

One day Neal was sitting in his little chair by the window. He was thinking very hard. He did not hear the boys shouting to him. Frank crept up behind Neal, and said, "Wake up, old man! What are you dreaming about?"

"I was trying to think how I could get some kind of work to do."

"You work!" said Frank, in surprise. Then he saw that Neal was very much in earnest, so he said, "Well, cheer up, old man! Perhaps we can find a way. We will call the boys in and talk it over."

In a little while Frank said, "I have thought of a plan! We will make you a garden. We will sow seeds and plants. When they grow, you can sell them. Let us begin the garden now, boys."

In a short time the boys had the yard around Neal's house all dug up. Then they brought seeds to sow. Some brought rose trees and

plants of all kinds. The hard, bare yard was now turned into a pretty garden.

Neal can attend to the flowers, and do much of the light work in the garden. The boys take turns in doing all of the hard work for him.

And that is the story of Neal's garden. Sometime I will tell you how Neal sells the flowers.

FLOWER VERSES

With my sweet violet hood I grow
  In many lands the same;
All children love to gather me—
  The Violet is my name.

I'm Daisy bright, with dress of green,
  And dainty, snow-white frill.
I hold my cup so carefully
  Till it the sunbeams fill.

Then comes the sweet Forget-me-not,
  The color of the sky,
Save where the sun has dropped a kiss
  Right on its yellow eye.—Maud L. Betts.
(*Abridged.*)

oi and oy

New sound words			*New sight words*
boy	Royal	soil	was
joy	Floyd	toil	* making
toy	enjoy	spoil	
Roy	de-stroy	join	
point	moist	noise	

"I am Roy's big dog. My name is Royal. Do you hear that noise? That is Roy and Floyd making a play house. I thought it was for me. I tried to crawl into it, but it was too small. Floyd said, 'Oh, you naughty Royal, run away! You have spoilt our house!'

"I hear Maud calling me! I will run and talk to her! She is playing with Baby Boy on the lawn. Baby Boy is pointing to me. He wants to ride on my

back. Sometimes I draw him in a little cart. Roy taught me to draw the cart.

"Maud and Baby Boy are playing ball. Here come the boys to join in the game! I will play ball, too."

Royal runs after the ball. He puts out his paw to stop it.

"You caught it that time, Royal!" said Maud.

Royal seems to enjoy the fun. He runs around, paws up the ground, and sniffs at everything.

"Oh, he has found an ant hill!" says Maud. "Don't let him spoil it, Roy!

"Mamma says we ought not to destroy ant hills. The little ants toil so hard to make them.

"Oh, what a pretty fern! The new leaves look like silver fur. I will dig it up, and take it home to mamma. I must take care to get plenty of the soil with it. This moist soil is easy to dig.

"No, Royal, you can not help me to dig. Run away, sir! You will soil my clean dress with your dirty paws. You can not have my pretty fern. You will spoil it."

o͝o

New sound words			*New sight word*
look	cook	good	many
took	brook	wood	
book	shook	hood	
nook	crooked	stood	
hook	wool		

Maud, Joy, and little Clair went to the woods with mamma yesterday. They took their lunch with them.

Maud took some toy dishes for her dolly. Joy

took her book, and mamma took some wool to make baby a hood.

Little Clair is going to fish. He has a crooked pin for a hook.

Mamma found a cozy nook under a tall willow tree. The willow stood by the side of a brook. The wind shook the pretty pointed leaves into the brook.

Clair caught some of them as they went floating down the stream. He called them fairy boats.

While he was sailing his fairy boats, he heard a slight noise. "Oh, mamma, look!" said Clair. There stood a pretty sheep! She had come down to the brook to drink. Some of her soft wool had caught on a low branch. Joy saw a little bird fly down and take the wool.

"Oh, pretty sheep, how good you are!" said Joy. "You gave the bird wool for her nest, and you gave mamma wool for baby's hood."

"For your pretty red shawl, too, little daughter; and many, many things besides," said mamma.

Just then they heard a loud shout. It was Roy

and Floyd. They had caught sight of mamma and the girls, and ran to join them.

Roy had three small trout on a string.

"That will be your share of the picnic," said Maud.

"And look what I have brought!" said Floyd. "Some green corn! Farmer Hoyt gave it to me. Can you boil it for lunch?"

"I am afraid not, Floyd," said mamma. "We can not cook corn without a pan. But we can broil Roy's trout.

"Now we will prepare lunch.

"Light a fire, boys! You will find some wood down by the brook."

In a little while the boys had a good fire. Royal thought it rare fun to watch the sparks flying about.

How good that lunch in the woods tasted!

o͞o

New sound words

noon	cool	room	roof
soon	tool	broom	poor
spoon	stool	stoop	tooth
boot	spool	scoop	smooth

It was a very warm day in August. The poor flowers in the garden were drooping with the heat. The sun was right over the roof of a house. He said, "Pretty soon I am going to

peep into that room. I want to see what kind of children live there."

Then he heard a little girl say, "Look, mamma dear, it must be noon! The sun is right over the roof. Pretty soon it will shine upon the stoop. I will draw down the awnings to keep it cool."

The little girl is Joy. Her mamma is not very well to-day; and baby is cross, because her poor little tooth hurts.

Roy and Floyd had left their tools on the stoop. Joy put the tools away. She got a broom and swept the stoop. She brought out the rocking chair and a little stool.

Then she laid a shawl in one corner, for baby to sit upon. She brought out all sorts of toys, baby's pretty red ball, a string of spools, and, best of all, some clean, cool sand and a spoon.

Then she said, "Now, mamma dear, come out on the stoop and rest. I will take care of baby.

"Come to sister, baby! We will make some sand pies. Oh, so many pies! You shall scoop up the sand with this big spoon. Then you can pat it, and make it all nice and smooth."

When baby saw all her toys on the stoop, she said, "Goo, goo." She put her little hands deep into the cool sand. She poured it out with the spoon, then she patted it all smooth again. How she did enjoy it! "Goo, goo!" she kept saying.

"How hard you try to talk, darling," said Joy. "Does 'Goo, goo,' mean you like it?"

Royal saw baby sitting on the cool stoop. He came bounding up the steps to play with her.

"Oh, Royal, you must not come here with your dirty paws! You will soil baby's white dress. Run out into the yard, sir!" said Joy.

Baby soon forgot all about her poor little tooth. In a little while the warm air made her sleepy.

"Come, baby darling," said Joy. "Sister will rock you to sleep. We will sing 'The Ferry to Shadowtown.' This rocking chair shall be our ferry-boat."

The dear little baby soon went fast asleep. One little boot fell off, showing five little bare, pink toes.

Then the sun heard Joy's mamma say, "Thank you, daughter! You are my little sunbeam."

THE FERRY TO SHADOWTOWN

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray;
This is the ferry to Shadowtown.
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is coming down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so —
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I, in the rocking chair.

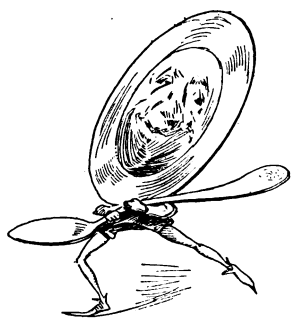
See, where the fire-logs glow and spark
Glitter the lights of the shadow land!
The winter rains on the window — hark!
Are ripples lapping up its strand.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say "Good night!"
We have reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

— Lilian Dynevor Rice.

A MOTHER GOOSE JINGLE

This is the cow that jumped over the moon.
I do not think she'll come back very soon.



This is the dish that ran off with the spoon.
I hope it will bring it back by noon.
This is the mouse that ran into the boot.
This is the owl that cried, "Hoot! hoot!"

This is the frog that lived near a pool.
This is the smart dog that sat on a stool.
This is the fox that ran after the goose.
This is the boy that let the fox loose.

This is the clown that jumped
through a hoop.
This is the old hen, shut up in
a coop.
These are her chicks, such a
fat yellow brood.
This is the little girl, bringing
their food.

This is the rat that ran round the room;
If kitty sees him, 'twill be his doom.
This is the old dame that rode on her broom,
Up, up to the sky, where the star flowers bloom.

* *Review of o͝o and o͞o*

We live on a farm in the summer. Our pasture is near the house. If you get over our wall, you will find yourself in the thick woods. Sometimes hunters come to shoot in these woods. We do not let any one shoot on our farm. I think the birds know this. There are so many in our pasture.

The rooks roost in our elm trees. They are very noisy, "Caw, caw, cawing!" all the time. When they are thirsty, they swoop down to a little pool by the barn.

One day I found a poor rook with a drooping wing. Our cook is good and kind. She tied it up. Soon the rook was well and very tame. Cook put her pies on the stoop to cool. Our

naughty rook always came to eat them. So, at last, cook took the broom and drove him off the stoop. Then he flew off to the woods.

"Never mind, Clair, he will not go far," said cook.

Next afternoon I went with my book to the woods. I know where there is a cool, pretty nook. Wild flowers bloom there, and the moss

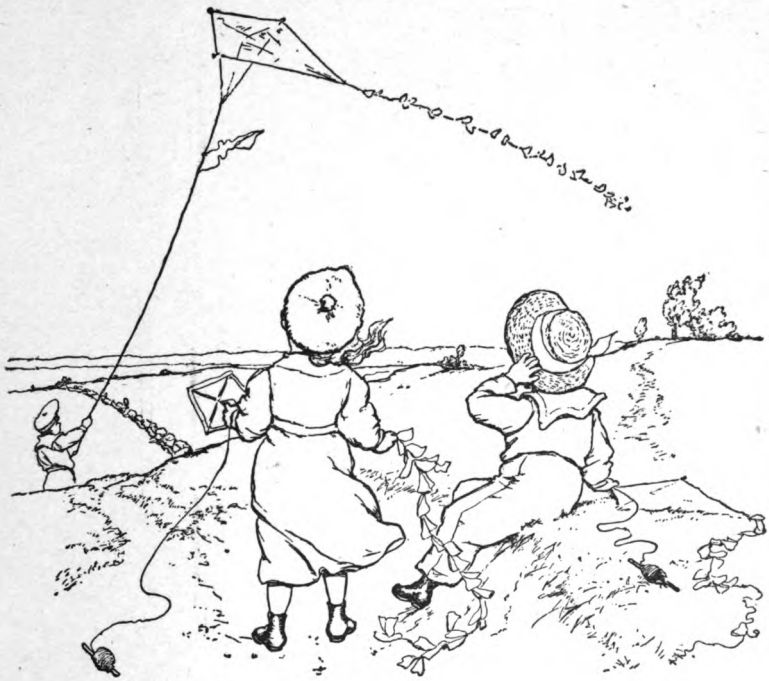
is smooth and green. There is plenty of room to sit down between the roots of a big oak tree.

The little brook runs by, on its way to the pasture. I can see it winding in and out on the green pasture, like a loop of silver.

The leaves of my oak tree made a cool roof. As I looked up into its branches, what do you think I saw? My rook! He stood on one foot on a crooked twig. He was fast asleep, with his head under his wing. I was so glad to see him again! I shook the branch and held out some corn. He turned his head and saw me. With a glad "Caw, caw!" he came down for his food.

Review list for drill

o͝o		o͞o	
book	crook	spoon	troop
hook	wood	broom	shoot
cook	good	bloom	root
took	hood	moon	cool
nook	stood	roof	stool
brook	foot	hoof	groove
shook	soot	hoop	roost
rook	wood	loop	smooth



"Hurrah for March winds!" shouted George, as he burst into the room one morning. "Look, mamma, see how the wind is blowing! Now, we can fly our new kites."

George had made a large new kite for himself, and two smaller ones for his little brothers. He

had been waiting a long time for a good windy day on which to fly them. To-day the wind is just right, so he is very happy.

"May little Roy and Cecil come out with me to fly their kites, mamma?" said George.

"Yes, George, if you will take good care of them," said mamma.

"I will, mamma," said George. So out into the meadow went the three happy boys.

Roy and Cecil are watching George fly his kite. How well it flies! See how hard it seems to be pulling! It looks as if it could hardly wait for George to unwind the string. Up, up it goes! It will soon look like a tiny speck in the sky.

When it has gone as far as the string will allow, George will tie the end of the string to the fence. Then he will help his little brothers to fly their kites.

See how carefully little Cecil is holding his kite! He has never had a kite of his own before. He is very proud of it. He can scarcely wait for brother George to come.

perch	spark	church
third	sprang	joint
surf	berth	party
word	stalk	thaw
north	chirp	whirl
shark	took	soot
flare	Clair	bare
chair	joy	Royal
small	furl	caught
crawl	tooth	horn
haul	world	spring
bought	moist	walk
coin	straw	herd
oyster	share	ought
shook	shrunk	proof
spoon	morning	whisper
squint	yoke	drawing
pillow	roast	cracker
mound	growl	stroll
sigh	binder	mild
dray	stretch	width

* *Soft ç and general review*

New sound words			*New sight words*
nice	space	quinces	Mrs.
rice	place	cent	buy
spice	Grace	ceiling	would
price	voice	ounce	
fence	choice	bounce	
face	Joyce	gro-cer-y	
lace	scarce	parcels	

"Rain, rain, go away.
Come again some other day!"

This is what some children were singing as they stood at the window watching the rain.

Just then their mamma came into the room. "How would you like to play store, children?" she said.

"Oh, yes, yes! That will be nice," they cried.

Mamma helped them to make a store in the big space by the bay window. They call it a De-part-ment Store.

Maud has the Dry Goods Department. Carl

has the Gro-cer-y Department, and Claude has the books and toys. Grace, Joyce, and little Clair are going to buy.

Grace and Joyce look very funny. Grace has on one of mamma's skirts and a shawl. Joyce has on one of mamma's skirts and a long coat. They call themselves "Mrs. Grace" and "Mrs. Joyce."

Mrs. Grace goes to the Grocery Department, first.

"What would you like to buy this morning, madam?" says Carl. His voice sounds very queer, because he tries to talk like a man.

"Have you any quinces this morning?" said Mrs. Grace.

"Yes, madam; but not very many. Good quinces are scarce."

"Well, I will wait until they are not quite so scarce. Now, I want a pound of nice tea, ten cents' worth of rice, some cornstarch, an ounce of mixed spice, and a can of coal oil. That will be all. Please send them home soon."

"Thank you, madam! I will fill your order, and send it home by noon."

Mrs. Grace went to the Dry Goods Department next. She bought three yards of lace, a spool of silk, some hooks, and some white wool, to make a hood. Then she joined Mrs. Joyce, who was upstairs, in the Toy Department.

Mrs. Joyce was buying toys for her little boy, Clair.

Claude, talking in a very gruff voice, said, "How would your little boy like this box of toys, madam? It is a farm yard, with trees and fences. Or this box of tools? If he likes to shoot, here is a nice air gun. Or perhaps he would like a nice ball."

"What is the price of that red ball?" said Mrs. Joyce.

"Those balls are all the same price, madam. You may take your choice."

"Do they bounce very high?"

"Yes indeed, madam! They bounce clear up to the ceiling!"

"Then I will choose that small red one.

"Now, I should like to look at some nice dolls. I think I should like that one, with dark curly hair. She has such a pretty face."

"Very well, madam; the price of that one is thirty cents."

"Now, I will buy a small broom, and that will be all, this morning."

Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Joyce then gather up their small parcels and hurry home to dinner.

**Soft c before e, i, or y*

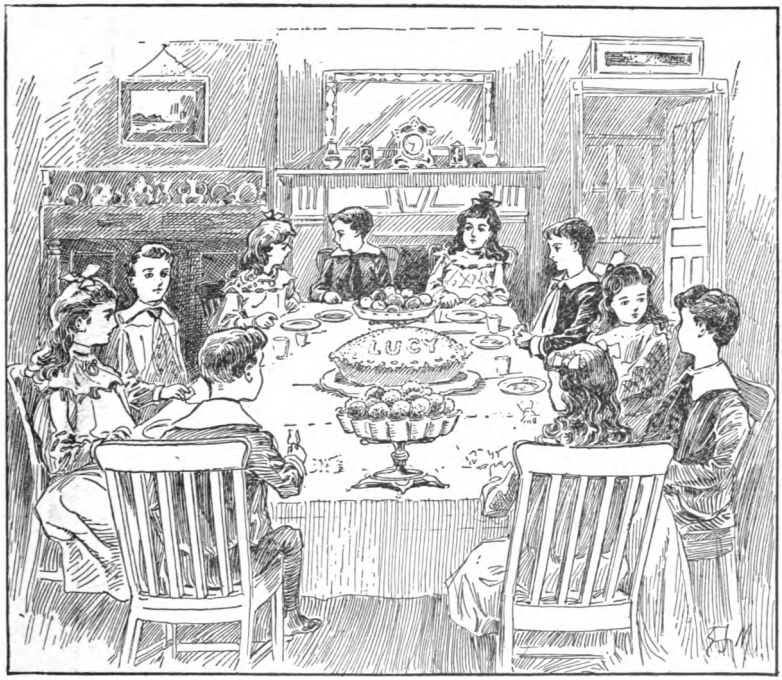
New sound words			*New sight words*
ice	city	Lucy	could
race	circus	Nancy	should
since	circle	fancy	friends
Prince	citron	Mercy	
Cecil	cinders	juicy	
ex-cept	icing	bi-cycle	de-cide

Lucy lives on a farm. She was ten years old yesterday. Her mamma said Lucy could have a party on her birthday, or she could go to the city to see the circus. It took Lucy a long time to decide which it should be. At last she decided it should be a party.

Mamma said since Lucy would be ten years old, she might choose ten of her little friends, five girls and five boys. Lucy has so many little friends it was hard for her to decide whom to ask. At last she decided to ask Maud, Mercy, Grace, Joyce, and Nancy; Claude, Clair, Carl, Roy, and Cecil.

Mamma said it should be a pink party. She

made a big citron and spice cake, with pink icing on top, and Lucy's name in the center. She



bought some little fancy cakes, and put pink icing over them.

There were big juicy peaches, the pinkest mamma could find, and pink ice cream, in fancy shapes, in pink saucers. There was a big ice-

cream mamma chicken in the center of the dish, and a circle of little chicks around her. Then there were pink pop-corn balls.

Cecil came to help Lucy make them. He made a bright fire, and then raked out the hot cinders to pop the corn over. When it was popped, Lucy took it to mamma to make into pretty pink balls.

Then Cecil went home. He lives in the city, but he rode out on his bi-cycle. Cecil's dog, Prince, came with Cecil. Prince ran a race with the bicycle all the way out.

He seemed to enjoy the fun of popping corn as much as Lucy and Cecil did. Lucy would throw some corn as far as she could, then Prince would race after it.

Lucy could hardly wait for her birthday to come. But it came at last, and so did Lucy's little friends, all except

poor little Nancy. She had hurt her foot, and could not come.

Lucy said she would send Nancy the pinkest pop-corn ball, and a big slice of citron cake.

What a happy time the children had! They gathered wild flowers down by the brook. They played hide and seek and all sorts of games in the big barn. They had a long, happy afternoon.

Then Lucy's mamma called them in to supper. How pretty everything looked in the big cool room! The children thought it rare fun to eat ice-cream chickens!

Lucy said, "Oh, mamma! may Grace take one of the little ice-cream chickens to Nancy?"

Mamma said, "You are a kind little girl to think of Nancy, but it is too warm to send ice-cream so far. By the time Grace got to the city, I think she would find the little chicken had run away. You may send some cake and pop-corn, and a nice little letter."

When the children said good-by, they all declared that Lucy's pink party was the very nicest they had ever enjoyed!

My dear Nancy:—

We were so sorry you could not come to the party. We missed you so much

I had a very happy birthday. Every one was so kind to me. We played out on the farm all afternoon, then we went in to supper.

Dear mamma had such a nice supper for us. The table looked so pretty. Nearly every thing on it was pink.

My birthday cake had pink icing all over it, and ten little pink candles around it.

I send you some of the cake. I hope your foot is better.

Your friend,

Lucy.

**Review list for drill*

ç = s

cent	city	Lucy
face	cider	juicy
race	citron	fancy
lace	circle	Nancy
space	circus	Mercy
brace	cinder	Cyrus
ice	cistern	spicy
rice	civil	saucy
nice	acid	cypress
mice	Cecil	cy-clone
slice	icicle	bi-cycle
twice	ex-er-cise	cyl-in-der
mince	sauce	cedar
quince	force	center
ounce	juice	cellar
bounce	fence	ceiling
flounce	since	ce-ment
voice	parcel	dance
choice	ex-cept	glance
scarce	con-cert	chance

* *Soft ġ before e*

New sound words			*New sight words*
age	charge	strange	Indian
cage	ridge	savage	whoop
edge	bridge	danger	
ledge	dodges	plunges	
hedge	gentle	trudges	
large	George	pigeons	

George is a happy little boy. He is large and strong for his age. He enjoys playing many strange games.

Sometimes he is a savage Indian. He puts chicken feathers in his hair, and hides behind the hedge. Then he pounces out, with a noisy whoop.

He charges down upon the pigeons with all his force. They fly up and circle around his head. Then they swoop down again in the same place.

They know there is no danger. Why? Because this noisy little boy can be very gentle. He never would hurt them. He has had charge

of the pigeons and chickens ever since they came.

His voice is very soft when he speaks to them. A poor lame goose trudges after him whenever he goes into the barnyard.

He can "coo" like a pigeon. He can call the brood of little chicks away from the old hen. The proud rooster stood on the fence to crow. But he scarcely had a chance to flap his wings. He heard "Cock-a-doodle-doo" right behind him. George crows so well, the rooster does not know what to make of it.

George's home is on the edge of a cool wood. A noisy little brook races by on its way to the river. Soon it plunges over a ledge of rocks, out of sight.

There is a bridge over it, and George likes to cross it. He walks up the ridge to where the pine trees grow. There is a green, open space. In the center is a tall cedar.

George sits down under it, and gives a queer little call.

Soon you will see a saucy little chip-munk glance out of his hole. He dodges in and out, then he comes boldly up to George for his food. George feeds him with nuts. He calls his chip-munk Midge.

George knows Midge would not be happy in a cage. He would rather play with his pet in the free, happy woods.

Review of soft g before e, i, or y

"Oh, Giles! do you know where Gyp is?"

"Yes, George; there he is, sitting by Madge. She is feeding him with ginger snaps."

"Oh, Madge! ginger snaps are not for dogs."

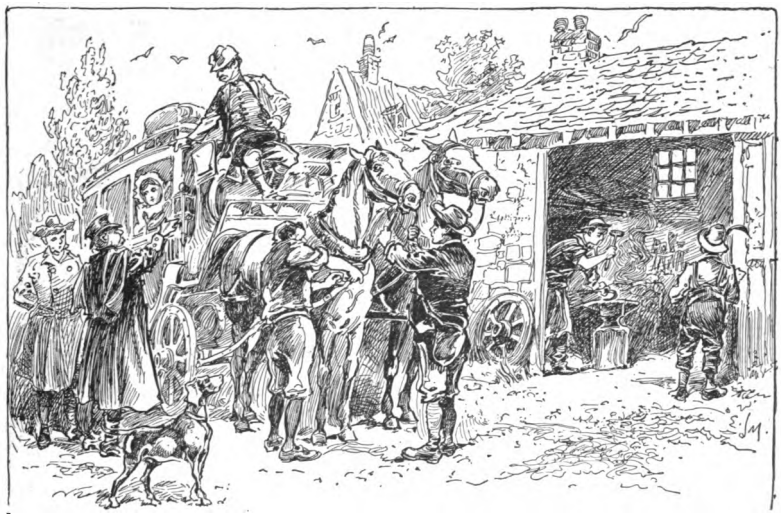
"Gyp likes ginger snaps. Don't you, Gyp?"

"What are you reading now, Madge?"

"I am reading a fairy story about a giant. The next page is all about a magic lantern. Then there is a funny little poem about a Sugar Plum Tree. I will read it to you by and by. But first tell me where you have been all this time."

"George and I went over the bridge and along the edge of the river. We came to a large white house, called 'The Lodge.'

"A high hedge was round the garden. The



garden came down to the edge of the river. A barge was going down the river."

"What is a barge, Giles?"

"A barge is a large boat.

"An old German is in charge of 'The Lodge.' He came and talked to us over the hedge.

"He said that when he was our age he had to

travel in a stage coach. The coach would stop to change horses at places along the road.

"Near these places there would be a blacksmith's forge, where they made horseshoes. The old German told us how he would watch the blacksmith, swinging his huge sledge-hammer.

"The sparks seemed to be trying to dodge the sledge hammer.

"Then he told us about the first engine he saw. Such an engine would look very funny now.

"On our way home we saw a gypsy camp. One gypsy had a dingy old shawl over her head. How Gyp did bark at her!"

"Oh, Gyp! Why did you bark at the gypsy?" said Madge.

"No, no, Gyp! There are no more ginger snaps. Lie down, and I will read the story about the 'Sugar Plum Tree.' You like sugar plums, too, don't you, Gyp?"

Gyp gave a short little bark and settled down quietly by Madge's side as if he understood every word she said.

Review list for drill

ġ = j

gem	edge	gill
age	ledge	Giles
cage	hedge	giant
page	wedge	gin-ger
sage	dredge	engine
wage	fledge	Gyp
stage	pledge	dingy
large	sledge	Egypt
barge	hinge	gym-nas-tics
charge	singe	German
change	fringe	gentle
strange	judge	dam-age
grange	nudge	huge
range	budge	savage
badge	lodge	pigeon
Madge	dodge	pack-age
ridge	Hodge	en-gage
bridge	plunge	col-lege
George	agent	danger
forge	orange	ban-dage

ew = o͞o, ū

New sound words				*New sight words*
ew = o͞o		ew = ū		
yew	threw	new	flew	papa
grew	strew	dew	blew	*glories
drew	jewel	few	mew	won
chew	Lewis	Newel		

Lewis and Newel have had a garden of their own ever since they could dig. They like to dig in the soft, moist soil. Last year they took such good care of their garden! Papa brought them a large set of new garden tools from the city.

A fine large yew tree grew near the fence. Lewis and Newel dug a circle around it and planted morning glories. They wanted a hedge of sweet peas, but had so few seeds. Their little friend, George, brought them a package of choice, new kinds.

While they were strewing them along the fence, Baby Cecil crept up and took a few. Before sister Grace could get him, he threw them as far as he could. They fell at the foot of the yew tree.

There was plenty of room, so they took root with the morning glories. They grew so fast! Soon they were running a race with the morning glories.

One day papa came in from the garden and said, "Your sweet peas have won the race, boys.

One of them is in bloom. It is the largest and prettiest bloom in the garden. It is a pink, with just a tinge of scarlet around the edge. When I

found it, a little drop of dew lay in its center. The sunlight made it look like a bright jewel."

The morning glories made a bridge between the yew tree and the fence. Soon they began to hang out little green seed pods.

"The sweet pea has some seeds ready, too," said Lewis. Newel's kitty thought she would like to chew them, but Newel caught her. "Mew, mew!" said kitty.

"Naughty kitty!" said Newel. "That is a little boat for my sweet pea seeds!" He gently drew the little stem out of reach.

"What a large pod!" said Lewis. "I should like to show that one to papa."

By and by the little seeds were ready for their voyage. How proud the vine was! Pop! went the pods. The first light wind blew the seeds out of their fairy boat. There they lay, all strewed upon the ground.

A little bird flew down and took one. A few kind leaves hid the rest.

"What a nice warm place!" thought the little seeds. They soon fell asleep until next year.

THE SNOWBIRD

"Dear little bird on the branches,
Singing that gay little song,
Winter is coming and snowflakes,
Better not tarry too long!

"Birdies are all flying southward,
Surely, then, you too must go!
Loudly the icy winds whistle,
Coldly Old North Wind will blow!"

Saucily birdie was flirting
His little feathery tail,
"I'm not afraid of the Storm King,
Blowing his rois-ter-ing gale.

"For I'm a brave little Snowbird,
Singing my merry snow song;
Under the low-drooping fir tree,
Warm and snug all winter long!"

Review, and equivalent sounds

o͞o	o̤ o͞o	e͡w o͞o	ṳ o͞o
tools	to	grew	true
stool	do	drew	truth
cool	you	chew	rude
pool	your	crew	rule
spool	youth	screw	Ruby
food	who	screwed	Ruth
moon	whom	threw	ruin
noon	shoe	yew	sure
hoop	mo̤ve	Jew	fruit
loop	prove	jewel	cruel
hoof	lose	strew	gruel
roof	whose	strewed	spruce
room	group	brew	Bruce
broom	croup	brewer	bruise
bloom	through	Lewis	prune

Little Ruth threw her shoe into the pool.
Their fruit tree grew as high as the roof.
Bruce will put a screw in your stool.
Who strewed Ruth's beads all over the stoop?

u

New sound words

put	bull-dog	push	bushel
pull	bulrush	bush	puss
full	pulpit	bushy	pud-ding

"We are going for blackberries, over in the old pasture, Grace. Would you like to go with us?"

"Oh, yes! I should, George. Wait till I put pussy over the fence."

"How bushy her tail is, Grace! Look!"

"She sees Newel's bull-dog. He is always ready to pounce upon her!"

"Mew, mew!" cried pussy, pushing her head under Grace's arm.

"I will put her in the house, and get the new pail papa bought. It is quite large."

In a little while Grace came back with her pail, and off they started for the pasture.

"Let's creep through the hedge, Grace. Push

the pails through first. Newel and Joyce are there already."

"Oh, here are some berries, right by the edge of the brook! Such big, juicy ones!"

"The bushes are so high!" said Lewis. "Let me pull them down for you, Joyce. Look out! They are full of dew! It makes them sparkle like jewels."

"The boughs are laden. There must be a bushel of berries on this one bush, alone," said Joyce.

The pails were soon full of fine large berries.

"Let us go and rest under the big yew tree," said George.

A saucy little chipmunk darted down from his perch and whisked about on the grass.

Grace threw him a few berries. "These are your share," she said.

"Why, some one must have been shooting in the woods!" said George! "Here is a bullet!"

"I have found something, too!" said Grace. "A dear little Jack-in-the-pulpit!"

"I should like some of those bulrushes from the brook, — pussy tails, Joyce calls them," said Lewis.

"I fell into the brook last summer, trying to get a few," said George.

"I leaned over the old bridge, but I stepped too close to the edge. Up flew an old board, and threw me into the brook."

"We must go home now," said Grace. "Good-by, little chipmunk!

"I will ask mamma to make a pudding with my berries."

General review

frighten	sneeze	saucer
painter	stage	border
choice	jewel	broom
harsh	scorch	de-stroy
brought	blinding	screw
sage	squaw	churn
brook	giant	eagle
en-joy	fruit	shawl
tall	thirst	Gyp
fairy	spare	pull
lose	joist	squirm
icing	smooth	re-cite
mew	taught	hood
eager	worth	chalk
curl	charm	bugle
col-lege	truth	con-cert
ankle	daughter	warmth
whirling	arbor	yonder
quench	price	shower
orchard	gaiter	zinc
easy	chirping	de-light

ȯ = ŭ

New sound words			*New sight words*
dove	honey	hover	once
love	money	covered	though
some	worry	smothered	tongue
among	nothing	another	wonder

Honey bee, honey bee! Covered with gold!
Is it your money? Pray what have you sold?

You nearly were smothered in pollen, you say,
Crawling into that lily, just over the way.

Humming bird, hover among the bright flowers;
Nothing to worry you all the gay hours!

A crimson flash in the air you've hung,
Gathering sweets with your darting tongue.

Here comes a butterfly, dancing along!
On wonder wings so gay and strong.

For fairyland he's surely bound,
Yet once he was only a worm on the ground!

Little white dove, in the dovecote blue,
I hear you calling your soft "Coo, coo."

How often I wonder, your voice is so sad,
If you really are sorry, or if you are glad.

Glad, I should think, with your babies to love,
High in the dovecote, little white dove!

When the fireflies light their lanterns bright,
I think you will all be asleep to-night.

While the nodding garden seems to say,
"Good night to another lovely day!"

ȯ = ŭ

Review list for drill

none	honey	does
done	money	oven
son	monkey	govern
won	other	color
come	mother	cover
some	smother	comfort
love	brother	sponge
dove	another	among
glove	month	dozen
above	Monday	front
shove	nothing	wonder
shovel	worry	tongue

Does the little dove see its mother?

Its mother is among some leaves near the front door.

On Monday Fred is coming to see my monkey.

None of the other boys can come.

Brother found a dozen eggs covered up in the hay.

I wonder if there is another nest somewhere.

Sometimes ei and ey = ai and ay

New sound words			*New sight words*
eight	weigh	they	grandma
freight	sleigh	Grey	grandpa
skein	reins	obey	
veil	reindeer	neighbor	

LUCY GREY is eight years old to-day. "Many happy returns, dear," said Grandma Grey, giving Lucy eight kisses.

"Aunt Nancy has sent you some pretty colored wools. She said, 'Lucy ought to have eight skeins, because she is eight years old.'"

Just then Lucy heard a strange little sound in the other room. There it was again! "Chirp, chirp, chirp!" Lucy ran into the other room to see what it could be. There stood a pretty cage, with a pair of dear little yellow birds in it.

"You lovely little birds! Where did you come from? Are you for me?" cried Lucy, dancing about for joy.

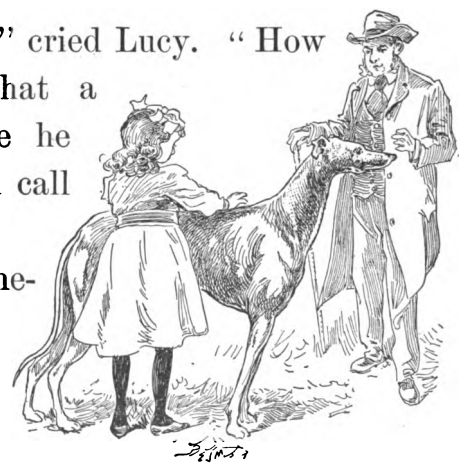
"Yes, dear, that is my present to you," said grandma. "Oh, you darling grandma!" she said.

Grandpa Grey caught Lucy up in his arms and took her out into the barn.

"How you grow, little girl!" said he. "Soon you will weigh too much for me to carry."

A graceful greyhound came bounding to the barn door.

"The greyhound is your birthday present from me," said grandpa.



"Oh, how lovely!" cried Lucy. "How gentle he is! What a sharp, pointed nose he has! I think I will call him Prince."

"He has found something under those bushes, Lucy. See him push his nose among the leaves!"

"Oh, it is a little dove!" said Lucy. "I wonder how it got there. It seems hurt. Poor little dove, where is your mother?"

Just then Madge Brewer came up the walk. "Here comes your little neighbor," said grandpa. "Perhaps it came from her brother's dovecote."

"I dare say it did," said Madge. "Brother George has eighteen doves.

"I have brought your doll a new hat for your birthday present, Lucy. Look! I have put a little lace veil on it.

"George bought you this story book with his own money. There is a picture of Santa Claus on the cover.

"Look at old Santa, with the sleigh and the eight little reindeer! The reindeer do not seem to obey Santa Claus very well. How hard they pull!"

"They look as if they were running away. Hold the reins tight, dear old Santa! Do not let those reindeer run away with you!

"See how full of toys the sleigh is, Lucy! It says on the sleigh, 'Santa Claus's Freight Car.'"

"What a happy birthday this is!" said Lucy. "Everybody is so good to me."

Do you remember little Maud and her dog Rex? Here they are again. They are playing horse to-day. Rex is running with all his might. I think Maud's horse is running away, don't you?

Maud calls, "Whoa, whoa, sir!" But Rex only runs the faster. Maud can scarcely keep up with him. Again she calls: "Whoa, good horse! Don't run quite so fast!"

"Bow-wow!" answers Rex, tossing his head. "I'm out for a frolic. I don't want to stop just yet, little lady. Do you see that big dog ahead? I'm going to run after him, bow-wow-wow!"

wr

New sound words			*New sight words*
write	wring	wrap	busy
wrote	wringer	wrapper	iron
written	wrinkled	Wright	
wrench	wrist	wreathes	
wrung	wrong		

This is dolly's wash day. How busy these little girls are! Ethel has a toy tub and a wringer. Joyce has a tub and a little washboard, but no wringer.

Joyce is washing her dolly's wrapper. "Don't you want to use my wringer for your dolly's wrapper, Joyce?" said Ethel. "It is so hard to wring with your hands."

"Yes, it is, Ethel. I have written to ask Santa Claus to bring me a wringer. I hope he will not forget to put it in his sleigh."

"I don't think he will forget," said Ethel. "I wrote and asked him to bring me a new broom. He always brings me what I write for."

"Now I have wrung all my dolly's things, Ethel. How wrinkled it makes them!"

"Oh, we can iron out all the wrinkles! We must iron on the wrong side. Mamma always

irons her wrappers on the wrong side. It makes them nice and smooth."

"I love to make dresses for my doll. Don't you, Ethel? Lucy Grey has eight dolls. They must keep her busy. She put three flounces on her large doll's dress. My dolly has a new wrapper. It has wreaths of roses all over it."

"My dolly has a wrap with wreaths of forget-me-nots," said Ethel. "She has a lovely veil, too. It has lace all round the edge."

Ethel was thinking so much about her dolly's wrap and veil that she forgot her stool was not very firm on the uneven ground. Over it went: tub, wringer, clothes, and all!

Ethel tried to save them, but her foot slipped, and over she went, too.

"Oh, Ethel, are you hurt?" cried Joyce.

"I have hurt my wrist a little; but my wringer is broken. I cannot turn the handle," said Ethel. Then she began to cry.

"Don't cry, Ethel," said Joyce. "Here comes George Wright. He will turn it for you."

"Well, well," said George Wright. "Let me look at your wringer, Ethel. Don't cry, little girl. There is nothing the matter with it. I have a monkey wrench on my wheel. I can make it all right."

George soon set things right with his wrench.

Joyce got Ethel some water to rinse the clothes. They wrung them out, and hung them on the line.

DOLLY'S WASH DAY

We are little workers gay,
This you see is washing day;
On our washboards new and bright
We rub and rub with all our might.

Rubbing up and rubbing down,
Baby's bib and dolly's gown;
They shall be as white and clean
As any that were ever seen.

We rinse them well and hang them high,
Upon the line outdoors to dry;
And by and by we'll bring them in,
And then our ironing will begin.

Ironing up and ironing down,
Baby's bib and dolly's gown;
They shall be as smooth and clean
As any that were ever seen.

— *Child Garden.*

kn

New sound words			*New sight words*
knee	knife	knew	castle
knit	knot	know	
kneel	knock	Knapp	
knelt	knead	knuckles	
	knickknacks		

To-day Lucy Grey is Grandma Knapp's little housekeeper. She is dusting all the pretty knickknacks on grandma's table.

Grandma Knapp has taught Lucy how to do a great many things about the house. Lucy likes to play that she is a housekeeper.

When Lucy was only eight years

old, grandma taught her to knead bread. It was hard work for such little knuckles.

Grandma Knapp has her knitting on her knee. Lucy does not know how to knit. Grandma Knapp is going to teach her.

Lucy likes to kneel on a little stool, at grandma's knee, and try to knit. Sometimes the thread will get into a knot, and everything seems to go wrong.

Then grandma says, "Never mind, dear; I will tell you a story."

"Oh, yes! Tell about the magic knife," says Lucy.

"I know a lovely story about a princess asleep in a castle," says grandma. "The princess and everybody in the castle slept a hundred years. A brave knight knew of the lovely princess. He found a way to reach the castle and knock down the huge gate.

"When he saw the princess asleep, he knelt down by her and took her little hand. She woke at last and went away with the knight over the hills and far away."

Equivalent sounds, a = ŏ

Was Was pussy asleep?

Wash Joyce will wash her dolly's dress.

Wasp A wasp can sting.

Watch Watch pussy wash her face.

Wad Here is a gun wad.

Wadding The muff is lined with soft wadding.

Waffle The cook was making waffles.

Walnut Baby was sailing walnut shells in the wash tub.

Walrus A walrus is a kind of seal.

Waddle How the ducks waddle!

Wander Grandpa likes to wander about in the park.

Swans He likes to watch the swans in the lake.

What What is a wigwam?

Wigwam A wigwam is an Indian's tent.

Swallows The swallows have a nest in the walnut tree.

Swamp Bulrushes grow in a swamp.

Squash Grandma makes the nicest squash pies.

Quarrel Do not quarrel over that worm, little chicks.

Three little fishermen bold are we,
Going a fishing, as you may see.
We'll fish all day while the sun shines bright,
Then home again in the cool twilight,
We three little fishermen bold!

Merrily whistling, onward they go,
Gay little Harry and Willie and Joe,
Trudging along through the meadows green,
Till they come at last to the rippling stream.
Good luck, little fishermen bold!

General review

cedar	gaiter	saucy
bare-foot	nothing	ginger
screw	angry	au-burn
young	wrench	toilet
dirty	charm	voyage
obey	quince	dizzy
knock	suet	scarce
full	em-ploy	wrong
butcher	strength	shoe
squeak	fancy	wor-ship
sleigh	truant	circle
knuckle	gypsy	walnut
cy-lin-der	wrong	farmer
parch	freight	juicy
band-age	notch	cinder
Newel	ex-cept	truth
pillow	barber	whisper
forty	magic	scroll
sponge	shadow	com-pare
duet	re-joice	organ
annoy	knowing	bolster

"Buy my flowers, kind friends, I pray,
Buy my flowers, come buy to-day.
Roses and lilies and violets blue,
Each in their season I offer to you."

This is what our little flower boy is singing this morning.

Do you remember the little lame flower boy? I promised to tell you more about him. Here he is with his faithful friend by his side. "Old

Dog Tray," Neal calls his friend. They are going to market to sell flowers.

Neal can not carry the basket himself. He taught Tray to carry it for him. Tray seems happy and proud to do so.

Every morning you may see this strange pair crossing the bridge over the brook. The faithful dog holds the basket with care. The poor lame boy limps along on his crutch. But we need not pity them, for see how happy they look.

Neal loves to work among his flowers. The flowers seem to love Neal, too. It is wonderful how well they grow for him. The first choice flowers of the season will always be found in Neal's garden.

Some kind friends gave Neal the right to a nice little corner in the market place. Here among his flowers sits our brave "Little Gardener." All through the season, when flowers bloom, you will find him at his post.

He is so proud and happy to be able to help his mother. When he can take home an empty basket, his little pale face lights up with joy.

One day Neal's poor little back hurt him so much he could hardly walk. His mother said he could not go to market that day.

"But so many choice roses are in bloom to-day,

mother. They will spoil by to-morrow," said Neal.

"Well, we will let Tray take them," said mother. "We will put a box in the basket for the money. We will make a hole in the lid of the box to drop the money through."

Mother filled the basket with flowers and called

Tray. Neal held the basket out to Tray and pointed to the door, saying, "You must sell the flowers to-day, old fellow."

Tray took the basket in his mouth. He looked at Neal in bed and seemed to understand. Off he trotted with the basket between his teeth.

When he got to the market, he put the basket of flowers on Neal's chair and sat down beside it. It was a strange sight to see the faithful dog watching his flowers.

When the people saw the money box, they knew something was wrong with Neal and that Tray was selling his flowers.

Soon quite a crowd gathered around the dog. Tray looked up at them and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as a dog could speak, "My little master is ill to-day; please buy his flowers."

They did buy his flowers. In a very short time not one was left. As soon as Tray saw the basket was empty, he picked it up and trotted off home.

When Neal opened the money box, he found more money than if he had sold the flowers.

A review drill upon sounds of a

ă	ā	ą	ä	â	ȧ
bank		care			stall
scratch		share			pray
gate		hair			chain
spade		stair			pain
paid		what			shark
snail		swan			flare
hay		scarlet			taught
dray		scald			plain
ball		wrap			dare
wall		marsh			tray
stalk		squall			Ward
walk		place			talk
raw		chair			sprang
straw		warn			squash
Maud		wasp			quail
caught		water			spark
war		square			chalk
wart		fault			change
cart		spray			shawl
dark		thank			fairy

Review upon all sounds of a

Can you see Sam and his dog, Dash? Dash ran off with Sam's hat. Dash ran to Kate.

Kate and Dave are at the gate. Kate has a rake and Dave has a spade. They are going to make a garden.

Jane gave Kate a grapevine. Dave will nail some sticks together. Kate will train the vine to grow up over them.

Kate has a daisy in that little pail. She is waiting to plant it.

See that dark gray cloud. It is going to rain. There! It is raining.

"Let us creep under that haystack," said Dave.

"It may rain all day," said Kate. "We can not stay there very long. Let us go to May's

playhouse in the barn. May is not there, but she will not care.

"Hark! I hear Carl calling us. Dash, Dash, do not bark at Carl!"

"There is Carl's cart in the yard. It is full of sand. I wish we had some for our garden," said Dave.

"I dare say Carl will spare you some."

"Yes, indeed, Dave, I will gladly share it with you. Here is a large square box to put it in. Let us get into the barn now out of the rain. Take care, Kate! Let me open the door for you.

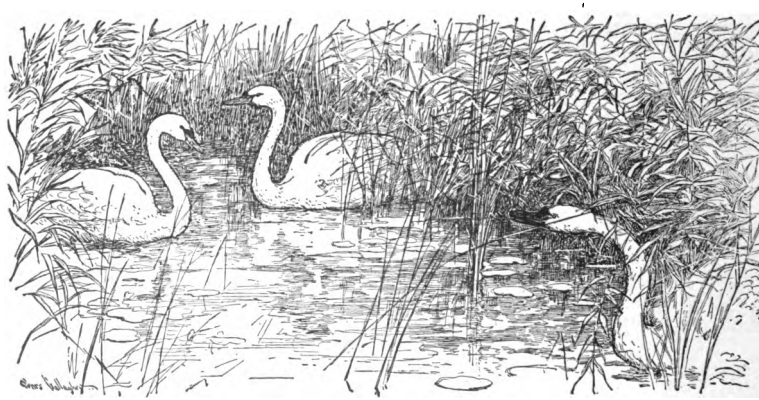
"Come upstairs to May's playhouse," said Carl. "Claude and little Clair are there. I have a pair of gray doves to show you. There they are on the back of that old chair.

"Oh, here is little Clair! What fair hair he has! He is drawing pictures with some chalk."

"I just saw Maud and Paul go by. Call them in, Claude, and we will all play ball. Maud likes to play ball. She taught Paul to play some new game of ball. Paul caught the ball every time.

"Little Clair is too small to play," said Kate. "He might fall. I will lay this warm shawl on the straw for him. Now crawl over here, Clair. Oh, Dash, don't walk all over the shawl with your dirty paws!"

"Here are Maud and Paul, Kate," said Claude. "But Paul does not want to play ball."



"Well, come and talk to me, Paul, while the rest play. Where have you been?"

"I have been to the swamp," said Paul. "I saw a wasp's nest, and some swans. I like to watch the swans. They are so graceful. They were swimming in a lake near the swamp."

Did you ever play out in a hay field on a lovely summer day? These little folks think it is rare fun. Look at tiny Clair with that big rake. Doesn't he look like a farmer? Just see how hard he is working. I think he will soon have a nice mound of hay ready for papa to toss into the hay wagon. Little Grace thinks she can rake hay, too.

Papa calls Clair and Grace his little "Brownies." Do you know why? It is because the sun has made their cheeks and hands so

brown. At first they thought this a very strange name. But now every one calls them "Brownies."

The hay wagon is nearly full. What fun Grace and Clair will have riding home on it! Papa will toss them up on top of the sweet-smelling hay. Then home they will go to dear mamma.

You can see the farmhouse peeping up over the hill. That is where our Brownies live. It is such a pleasant place. The wide porch all around it keeps it cool on the warmest day. Here dear grandma loves to sit and knit.

The load of hay is going home now. Both Brownies are perched up on top. They see grandma on the porch. They are shouting to her as loud as they can.

When papa lifted the Brownies down, Rover began to jump about and bark for joy.

What are these coming up the walk to meet Grace? They look like a lot of little yellow balls. They are twelve baby ducks. They want their supper. They know Grace will give them some.

Good-by, happy little farmers. We hope to visit you again some day.

A review drill upon all sounds of e

ĕ	ē	ẽ	ê	e͡w	e͟i	e͟y
then	here		Bert			
shell	tenth		we			
me	serve		kneel			
deep	sleep		there			
green	obey		squeak			
seat	peach		knelt			
wheat	their		skein			
fern	drew		stew			
jerk	she		preach			
grew	stern		term			
chew	sketch		speak			
few	queer		hedge			
pew	yew		strew			
they	yeast		these			
Grey	where		freight			
weight	vein		skewer			
eight	dew		squeeze			
perfect	veil		neigh			
stretch	coffee		twelve			

A little boy sat watching
The big blue sea one day.
He watched the white waves rolling
Up on the beach to play.

He watched a tiny wavelet
Come creeping up so brave.
He said, "Next time I'll catch you,
You saucy little wave!"

Then quickly with his shovel
He dug a hole so deep.

Another and another,
While close the wavelets creep.

So smoothly, swiftly, gliding,
The little waves came near,
Until they reached the pitfalls,
When in they fell — O dear!

Then loud with glee laughed Johnnie,
As every hole filled high.
"Ah, ha! See now I've caught you!
You can't get out, — just try!"

Our Johnnie was so busy
With digging holes so wide,
He did not look behind him,
Nor think once of the tide.

Up came a big white breaker,
And Johnnie! — Where was he?
Ask of the tiny wavelets,
For they peeped out to see.

Review upon all sounds of e

"Ben has a new red sled. He lent it to Ted. Ted put a bell on the sled. Ben says he will lend his sled to me sometime.

"I like to watch the boys coasting down the hill. See Ted steer the sled down that steep hill. O, dear, I fear that he will go too near that team!"

"You need not fear. Ted will keep away from the team. He knows how to steer. See him use his heel."

"Look at Ted's dog, Dash. How queer he looks! See him creep up behind that tree. He

seems afraid of something. Now Ted's sister, Bertha, is trying to coax Dash to follow her.

"Here comes Neal. How his sled jerks! It is not a good coaster. There! it ran into the fence. But Neal is not hurt. He is up and off again. Hear him call, 'Clear the track!'

"Bert is going higher up the hill. He wants to give his new coaster a good start. He calls his coaster the 'Dasher.'

"There are Newel and Lewis on that hill. Lewis is right at the top. There, see him! His sled just flew down! Now here comes Newel! Oh! something is wrong with his sled. Look! It threw him. Here comes Lewis. Is Newel hurt, Lewis?"

"No, Newel is not hurt; but Leigh's foot is hurt. A screw came out of Newel's sled. The sled went askew and ran into Leigh."

"There is Farmer Grey driving by. He is Leigh's near neighbor. I will ask him if we can all ride home in his big sleigh.

"Newel calls his coaster the 'Reindeer.' Leigh says the 'Reindeer' ran away with Newel."

LITTLE SNOWFLAKES

Little snowflakes through the air,
Whirling, whirling down;
Here and there and everywhere,
O'er the earth so brown.

Coming down so white and still,
We cannot hear you speak;
Tell us, little snowflakes all,
What is it that you seek?

Swiftly, lightly flying
Through the air so fast,
Tell us why you come to town
When the autumn's past?

"Don't you know, wee girls and boys,
A soft, warm quilt we make —
Flitting down together, so —
Gently — flake by flake?

"A downy comforter to keep,
All snug and safe and warm,
The little seed flowers, fast asleep,
From every winter's storm."

— IDA GLOVER SEABURY.

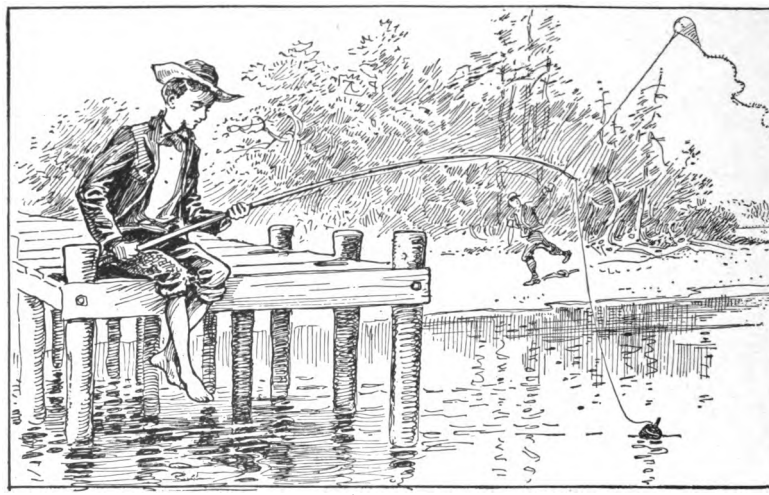
Review drill upon all sounds of i

quill	third	night
think	skirt	twice
while	whisk	wring
strike	thirst	rind
find	wild	spike
grind	tight	quilt
sight	slice	thigh
fright	wind	hind
mild	switch	squirm
child	first	wrist

Review drill upon all sounds of u

scrub	Ruth	tune
stung	truth	thrush
cube	shrunk	bush-el
tube	mule	true
suit	tulip	bugle
juice	ruler	church
turn	blue	fuel
hurt	bullet	butch-er
put	burst	Ruby
pudding	spruce	flue

Review on all sounds of i



"Tim likes to fish. I could not sit as still as he does. Did you see the big fish he caught, Jim? It was as thick as your fist. I like a nice, fine, thin twine for a fish line."

"So do I, Miles. I have a fine new line. At one time Mike caught nine fish with it."

"Look how high that kite can fly. It looks as if it might soon go right out of sight."

"Last night Mike tied a lan-tern, with a light in it, on the tail of his kite. It was a pretty

sight to see a bright light going up, up, so high."

"Oh, Miles, look at that poor blind man! His dog is behind that grindstone. If he does not mind, he will wind the string round the grindstone. There! he has wound it round. See that kind little girl unwind the string.

"The girl says: 'Do not stir, little dog. Let me unwind the string. Lie still, sir. See the dirt from your paws on my skirt. Now, sir, take your master home.'"

KITTY GRAY

I have a little pussy cat.
Her name is Kitty Gray.
She is the dearest little pet.
And how she loves to play.

Her fur is soft, as soft as silk,
And gray as gray can be!
So giving puss a name to suit
Was easy. Don't you see!

My Kitty Gray is full of fun,
As most wee kittens are.
I couldn't tell you all her tricks;
'Twould take too long by far.

But this, the cutest one of all,
I think you'd like to know.
'Tis how she plays at hide and seek
With little Baby Joe.

She hides behind the big arm-chair,
Where baby cannot see.
Then out she springs! While little Joe
Just laughs and crows with glee.

Now rising on her two hind feet,
With fore paws high in air,
She jumps and frisks and twirls about,
Then runs behind the chair.

Dear baby after Kitty creeps,
As fast as he can scamper.
But Kitty is too quick for him,
And jumps into the hamper.

Review drill upon all sounds of u

These boys are having such fun. Luke has a gun and Burt has a drum.

See Burt jump up on that old stump. Now he beats his drum, — rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub!

Luke has on a blue and white paper cap. Burt's cap is pure blue.

Here are some more boys. Listen to the music! That is Bruce playing a tune on his flute. Now Julian is blowing his bugle horn. The bugle horn seems to amuse the boys so much!

The boy on the mule is Jack Hume. He is the captain. He has his dog Duke with him. Duke is such a huge dog! The boys play he is a mule, too.

Jack has spurs on his heels. I am glad he does not use them. They would hurt the mule.

Listen to Captain Hume giving orders. He says: "Now, Burt, unfurl the flag. We are going to march as far as the church, then turn, and march over to that burnt tree. The turf under it is as soft as fur. We will camp there!

"Pick up a lot of those burs, Luke! They will do to burn. They will make good fuel.

"Play these bushes are our tents, and the bulrushes are our guns. We can stack them up in front of our tents, like real guns. And look! Burt has a cupful of acorns. We will play they are our bullets. There! it looks like a true camp.

"Now, Bruce, you are the cook. Get an armful of twigs and light the fire."

The boys soon had a nice fire. They cut down some spruce boughs to make a support to hang their soup kettle upon.

Things soon looked as if they were truly camping.

Ruth and Ruby had put up a nice lunch for the boys. Ruth gave them plenty of fruit, and some

pudding. Ruby put some large purple prunes into the basket.

Bruce spread everything out on the grass. Then he blew the bugle horn to call the boys to supper.

Captain Hume rode up first on his mule. He said, "This surely does look like a true camp."

Then the boys all sat down to lunch.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

See our soldiers, brave and hearty,
Marching on they come!
Julian with his bugle horn,
Bertie with his drum.

Captain Jack commands the army,
On his steed so fleet.
While his soldiers, true and trusty,
March along the street.

Banners waving, music playing,
Uniforms so gay!
But for all this, they remember
Soldiering is not play.

To defend our own dear country,
Should the need e'er come,
They'll be ready, I don't doubt it,
Every mother's son.

General review

New sight word

beautiful

Grace is visiting her grandmother. Grandmother lives in a beautiful large house a little way out of town. There are beautiful gardens all around the house. Grandmother has lived here ever since she was a little girl like Grace.

Grace enjoys wandering from room to room. So many of the beautiful things in these rooms came from far-away cities. Grandmother has a story to tell about each one of them.

What Grace enjoys most of all is playing in the

garret. Here are all sorts of wonderful things: trunks full of queer-looking dresses. Some of these grandmother wore when she was a little girl. Sometimes Grace dresses up in these "funny clothes" and plays she is grandmother.

One day Grace found a hoop in the garret. It was hidden away in the darkest corner. She ran with it to grandmother. "Look, grandmother, see what I have found — a nice strong hoop!"

"Dear, dear," said grandmother; "it is many years since I saw that hoop. It was your mother's. She was a little girl just like you when that hoop was new. She had many a good romp with it."

"My mother's hoop! Did mother roll a hoop? How funny!" said Grace. "May I play with it?"

"Yes, dear," said grandmother. "I shall enjoy seeing you roll it. It will remind me of happy times long ago."

Grace was soon rolling the hoop along the smooth walk in the beautiful garden. Dear grandmother watched her from the window with a happy smile.

A review drill upon all sounds of o

ŏ ō ô ŏ ȯ ọ o͝o o͞o ōw ōu o͡w o͡u o͡i o͡y

chop	horn	sponge
song	torch	stood
stone	world	colt
choke	worm	worth
coax	wood	grown
goat	shook	lodge
hold	moon	tooth
bolt	broom	oyster
blow	spoil	throat
show	noise	brook
four	toy	mouth
pour	joy	dozen
plow	could	wrong
crown	wolf	choice
shout	frown	told
couch	lose	should
done	moist	spoon
glove	north	poultry
you	roast	throw
prove	bounce	morning

Review upon all sounds of o

ŏ ō-e ōa ōl

Tom and Bob are at the big pond. They are watching the frogs.

"Oh, Tom, see the little frog hop on top of that rock," said Bob. "It is going to hop into the pond. Stop, stop, little frog! Do not hop into the pond."

"But I must go home, little boy," said the frog. "My home is in the pond, in that hole near those stones. Do not go too close to my home."

Then into the pond went the frog, singing, "Croak, croak, croak!"

"Look! is that a big frog in the road, Tom?"

"No, Bob, that is a toad. I will catch him. Please hold my coat."

"No, Tom, do not catch the poor toad. There, let him hop away. The roadside is not a safe place, Mr. Toad."

"Is that one of your oars floating over in the pond, Tom?"

"No, both my oars are in the old boathouse. I think that oar must belong to Joe. He told me he lost one. Let us take the boat and row out after it."

"All right! The boat is behind those bushes. I put a rope on it, and tied it to the old oak tree. Come, we will get it.

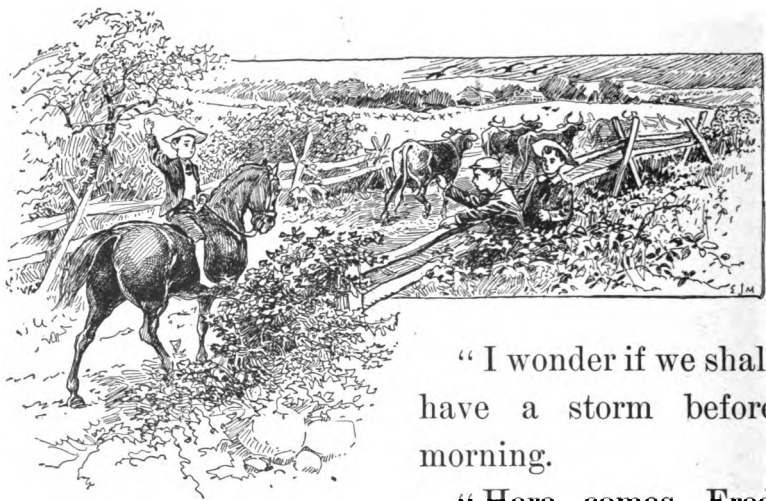
"I can row better with my coat off. It is not cold. I will take it off. I will fold it up, and put it on the seat.

"The wind is blowing the oar this way, Tom. Throw the rope over it. Now we can tow it ashore. Row slowly."

Review of o, continued

ō͞w o͡w ô͞r

"Look at the crows, Bob! How low they fly! That shows the wind is blowing higher up.



"I wonder if we shall have a storm before morning.

"Here comes Fred Morse with the cows. That looks like a sack of corn on the horse's back.

"What short horns that brown cow has! I saw a man driving a brown cow just like that this morning. He went down the hill into town.

"Hark! Fred is calling us, Bob. Let us go ɔ him. What is it, Fred?"

ou oo o͝o o

"Come and see my tame white mouse," said Fred. "I found it this morning. I saw it run out of our house and crouch down on the ground. It stood still and took a good look at me, then ran under a pile of wood. I shook the wood and out he ran, right over my foot!"

"Oh, Fred, Roy lost a tame white mouse. He was asking me if I had seen anything of it. I wonder if this one is his," said Bob.

"Poor little mouse! How did you catch it, Fred? What will you do with it?" said Tom.

"I caught it in my cap and took it home. As soon as I got into the room mousie got loose again. He ran round and round the room, under a stool, behind the broom, then into my boot. How it does worry mother to see a mouse! 'Come here, son! Quick!' she called.

"None of us saw mousie come out of the boot, but he did. Then he ran among some of brother's toys. Mother threw the table cover over him and brother caught him. Poor little mousie! It was a wonder we did not smother him."

Review of o, continued

o͡i o͡y o̤ o̅

Roy and Floyd are making a playhouse. Joyce is going to be the cook. She has a toy stove. She says she can boil po-ta-toes and broil meat on it.

Joy has some toy dishes. She will set the table with them.

Roy's big dog, Royal, thought the house was for him. He nearly spoiled it.

Royal thinks it fun to hear the boys make

so much noise. He runs around and seems to enjoy it.

"Lie down here, Royal," said Floyd. "You annoy us. Now do not move, sir. You make us lose time."

Poor Royal did not want to lie down. If he had his choice, he would rather the boys joined him in a good romp.

How hard the boys work! Grandpa Hoyt has come to watch them. He said: "I want to see which boy proves to be the best workman. Whose work is worth the most. You have joined those boards very well, Floyd. Be sure to put plenty of nails in the joists, Roy."

Grandpa enjoyed watching the boys working away with hammer and saw. In a short time Roy cried: "Hurrah, our house is done! We will hoist a flag and call it the 'Troy Hotel.'"

Here comes Joyce with some oyster shells for plates.

Floyd points to the playhouse and says, in a funny voice: "This way to the 'Troy Hotel,' madam! Best hotel in the world!"

* *A vowel followed by a double consonant is short*

matter	winter	cherry
chatter	summer	blossom
cluster	tender	blanket
shelter	number	hidden
yonder	slumber	yellow
scamper	dinner	mellow

What signs are these I see around,
No matter which way I look?
The leaves lie huddled on the ground,
Or scamper to yonder nook.

It means old winter will soon be here. The apple and the cherry trees are nearly bare. They sheltered the birdies all summer.

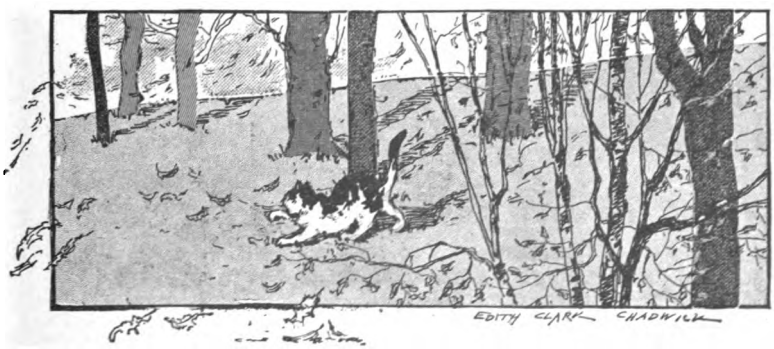
There is a little nest hidden in that cluster of yellow leaves, and some pretty little birdies right in the middle of the cluster.

They cuddle close together and chatter softly to each other.

There is a mellow apple still left on the tree. It will make them a nice dinner. Look! they have pecked it right through the middle. I wonder it has not dropped from the tree.

There are very few birdies left now. Their number lessens day by day. But no matter, they will all come again. And the lovely flowers, too.

But now the lovely summer blossoms
Lie scattered on the ground;
Wrapped in their winter blankets,
They slumber safe and sound.



Review and drill on two consonants between two vowels

carrot	jolly	basket
cabbage	better	bantam
butter	bitter	silver
coffee	chapter	timber
barrel	carry	trumpet
barrow	cannon	banjo
ladder	cottage	temper
rubber	canvas	thunder
banner	candy	blister
button	bodkin	ember
bobbin	gimlet	cattle
bonnet	filter	copper
cotton	ugly	collar
borrow	gather	dollar
bottle	merry	doctor
bubble	narrow	napkin
custard	gallop	pillow
nettle	foggy	hammock
holly	cellar	cobble
blotter	center	beggar
chopper	bundle	hammer

SOUTH FLY THE BIRDLINGS

South fly the birdlings; the flowers are sleeping;
Cold is the wind, and the trees are all bare;
Under leaf blankets the wee seeds are creeping;
South fly the birdlings, for summer is there.

Down fall the snowflakes, each light as a feather,
Dressing the trees in all shining white fur,
Keeping the flowers in all kinds of weather
Safe from the wind with his whistle and whir.

Warm grows the wind, and the rain hammers daily,
Making small doorways to let in the sun;
Flowers spring up, and new leaves flutter gayly;
Back fly the birdlings for winter is done.

—JUSTINE STERNS.

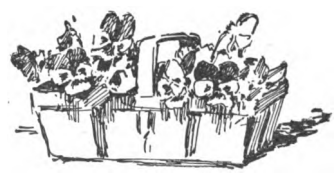
* *One consonant between two vowels*

cedar	crocus	raven
ivy	calyx	nature
lilacs	posies	opens
clover	tiger	famous
tulips	tiny	favorite

Ah, see that little crocus, come to tell us spring is here;
And that tiny, bashful violet, shyly, sweetly, peeping near.
The tulips, too, and lilacs are putting out their leaves,
And the glossy-coated ravens seeking out their favorite trees.
The cedar and the ivy have changed their winter coat;
And from that famous gable comes the swallows' twittering note.

The glowing "daffodilly" opens wide its calyx bright,
And the humble clover blossom is waving in the light.

All nature seems rejoicing in the birds and flowers gay;
And the children gather posies all the happy, livelong day.



Review and drill on one consonant between two vowels

stamen	even	basin
fiber	equal	cider
posy	over	taper
sago	oval	wafer
potato	ivory	labor
tomato	cozy	ripen
climate	tidy	stolen
vapor	baby	sober
hazy	lady	favor
shady	lazy	moment
foliage	soda	navy
hazel	bacon	fever
gable	paper	miser
cocoa	razor	pony
notice	tiger	Mabel
bugle	union	Eva
music	future	grocer
secret	final	pilot
motor	closer	hero
vacant	flavor	hotel
holy	flaky	secure

* *A drill upon the three sounds of the suffix ed, including a review of all sounds of the vowels*

d	*t*	*ed*	*mixed*
banged	cracked	landed	snowed
nailed	chalked	waited	lunched
played	warped	malted	suited
called	parched	started	poured
crawled	clasped	mended	aired
hauled	watched	weeded	spurted
charged	checked	kneaded	growled
swelled	screeched	herded	blocked
wheeled	leaked	twisted	shoveled
cleaned	perched	lighted	drooped
screwed	winked	blinded	halted
weighed	chirped	frosted	moved
obeyed	cooked	floated	reached
drilled	crouched	clouded	minded
sighed	corked	corded	bloomed
whirled	worked	worded	priced
longed	grouped	rooted	crooked
roared	stooped	pointed	spared
enjoyed	brushed	grunted	ruined

** A drill upon the suffix er and a review*

hunter	sharper	newer
older	sweeper	cracker
higher	locker	brighter
dresser	coaster	bolder
strainer	talker	drawer
sweeter	blunter	mower
quicker	damper	churner
browner	fairer	painter
burner	boiler	oyster
rocker	stouter	wringer
firmer	grayer	daughter
steamer	caster	quieter
taller	poorer	roller
teacher	shorter	gayer
wilder	colder	broiler
cooler	warmer	former
fuller	sooner	smaller
lower	crueler	faster
toaster	wander	bower
salter	binder	farmer

A drill upon the suffix ly and a review

gladly	fondly	freely
bravely	lonely	yearly
faintly	hoarsely	swiftly
warmly	boldly	likely
hardly	slowly	blindly
barely	loudly	slightly
fairly	loosely	strongly
lastly	shortly	homely
weekly	lovely	coldly
neatly	gruffly	proudly
eagerly	purely	smoothly
pertly	curly	nearly
thinly	rudely	justly
widely	sadly	hugely
kindly	strangely	nicely
mildly	plainly	scarcely
lightly	awk-wardly	largely
firmly	partly	soundly
snugly	rarely	slightly
safely	harshly	crookedly

A word-building drill upon prefixes and the suffixes -tion and -sion

asleep	return	delight
afraid	remove	destroy
alone	recover	declare
aloud	receive	decide
around	reply	delay
become	indeed	dislike
because	inquire	disobey
before	invite	disorder
behind	increase	displace
beyond	intend	disturb

sta-tion	ques-tion	di-vi-sion
dic-ta-tion	men-tion	pos-ses-sion
va-ca-tion	por-tion	ad-mis-sion
re-la-tion	auc-tion	dis-mis-sion
sal-va-tion	no-tion	per-mis-sion
na-tion	mo-tion	con-fes-sion
car-na-tion	pro-mo-tion	ex-pres-sion
ac-tion	ad-di-tion	ex-plo-sion
at-ten-tion	po-si-tion	oc-ca-sion
in-ten-tion	in-vi-ta-tion	ob-jec-tion
re-col-lec-tion	rec-i-ta-tion	sep-a-ra-tion